

# Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 2, 1981 \$1.50


## OH, WHAT A FEELING!

Super Bowl Hero  
Rod Martin



# Chrysler wins the Motor Trend Car of the Year award. Again.



Chrysler's  cars win the 1981 Motor Trend Car of the Year award. It's the second time in four years Chrysler's front-wheel-drive cars have won a top automotive industry award—Omni and Horizon were chosen Car of the Year in 1978. Only Chrysler gives you four front-wheel-drive winners to choose from.



## Chrysler's cars beat Ford Escort, Ford Granad after 50 tough Motor T

This year, the Motor Trend Car of the Year finalists were rated on more than 50 counts of performance, quality, comfort, and design. A 75-mile torture course, with every driving condition from freeways to twisting mountain roads, was used to evaluate the quality of ride and drive. And a panel of

1981 DODGE ARIES K COUPE

41  25\* \$5,880\*\*

EST. HPGY. EXCEPT MPG





## a, Mercury Lynx and Oldsmobile Cutlass Diesel rend test evaluations.

Motor Trend experts rated the cars on passenger comfort, styling and design, and dollar value. When the results were in, the K cars had outscored the Ford and GM contenders on an overall point basis. Everything you want in a new car, Motor Trend found in the K cars.



"In this part of the new decade, passenger comfort, ride and drive, styling and design...and most important, dollar value...are more relevant than all-out performance. In these classes, the K car simply outscored its competition; and in three cases out of four, the competition turned out to be another K car. This accomplishment alone was enough to make it Car of the Year."

The Editors, Motor Trend Magazine, February issue

1981 PLYMOUTH RELIANT K SEDAN

41 25"\* '5,980\*\*

EX. EXCL. TAX, LICENSE, FEE





# Chrysler's 7% interest allowance makes Car of the Year the buy of the year.

Only Chrysler offers you four front-wheel-drive cars that have all been named Car of the Year: Dodge Aries K, Plymouth Reliant K, Dodge Omni, Plymouth Horizon. And only Chrysler helps you fight high interest rates by giving you back cash when you buy on credit.

Here are a few examples of how some of our sticker prices on the Car of the Year and other models, less 7%, compare to the competition.

## **Dodge Aries K Wagon/Plymouth Reliant K Wagon**

\$6721 STICKER  
PRICE

- 480\* LESS 7%.

\$6241

\$551 less than Chevrolet Malibu Wagon.

## **Dodge Aries K Sedan/Plymouth Reliant K Sedan**

\$5980 STICKER  
PRICE

- 430\* LESS 7%.

\$5550

\$854 less than Citation 4-dr Hatchback.

## **Dodge Aries K Coupe/Plymouth Reliant K Coupe**

\$5880 STICKER  
PRICE

- 420\* LESS 7%.

\$5460

\$572 less than Fairmont 2-dr Sedan.

## **Dodge 024 Miser/Plymouth TC3 Miser**

\$5299 STICKER  
PRICE

- 380\* LESS 7%.

\$4919

\$336 less than Chevrolet Chevette Hatchback Coupe.

## **Dodge Omni Miser/Plymouth Horizon Miser**

\$5299 STICKER  
PRICE

- 380\* LESS 7%.

\$4919

\$812 less than Ford Escort 4-dr Liftgate.

Chrysler has mileage America needs. Front-wheel-drive Americans want. Prices Americans like. And the only 7% Interest Allowance Plan that puts money back in your pocket. So ask your Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth dealer for details right now. More

and more people are. It's why, since October, Chrysler is the only American car company with an increase in 1981 model year sales over 1980.\* The percentage of the sticker price could move up or down depending on a significant change in the prime interest rate.

## There's never been a better time to buy a Chrysler

\*Through 12/31/80 compared to 1980 model year sales through 12/31/79.

\*Discount allowance shown is off sticker price plus minimum destination charge.

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#### Next Week

THE TWO FACES OF FLORIDA are shown in our annual sunshine issue. Julie Campbell and Photographer John G. Zimmerman secured the Sunshine State for picturesque locales off the beaten track in which to best display the latest swimsuits on the greatest ladies. But Robert H. Boyle and Ross Mary Meckers, who looked into the less scenic aspects of Florida, report there is trouble in Paradise—crime is up, the environment is under siege, compounded by an explosive population growth

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A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

# Uniroyal Steeler projected to last up to 24,000 miles longer than its major competition.

The U.S. Department of Transportation recently gave the public a standard yardstick to compare tires by.

Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas, Traction, Temperature resistance, And treadwear.

And then to emboss the resulting grades on the side of the tires.

When compared, most of the similarly priced steel-belted radials in the chart fared equally well in the traction test. Same for temperature resistance.

But one tire pulls ahead of the pack when it comes to the important grade that indicates the relative wear rate of your tire.

That tire: the Uniroyal Steeler.

In fact, when you translate its 220 rating into projected miles on the government-specified course, you see it was no photo finish.

On that course, the mileage projection for the Uniroyal Steeler is 66,000 miles.

That's 15,000 miles longer than the Goodyear, Goodrich, General and most Firestone ratings in the chart would project.

And 24,000 miles longer than Michelin's rating would project.

These mileage projections (including those in the chart) should be used for comparison only. You will probably not achieve these results. Actual treadlife will vary substantially due to your driving habits, condition of vehicle and, in many sections of the country, road conditions and climate.

Nevertheless, what do these ratings say about the Steeler?

They say when you compare the ratings, the Steeler should

outlast its major competition under comparable conditions of consumer use.

**UNIROYAL**

U.S. Dept. of Transportation, Federal Highway Administration

MANUFACTURERS' RATINGS FOR U.S. GOVERNMENT QUALITY GRADING SYSTEM			PROJECTION OF MILEAGE ON GOVERNMENT SPECIFIED TEST COURSE
Manufacturer/Tire:	Traction and Temperature Resistance	Treadwear	
UNIROYAL Steeler	B/C	220	66,000
GOODYEAR Custom Polysteel	B/C	170	51,000
FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
B.F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	B/C	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

\* Most 15" Firestone 721 tires rated 200 which projects to 66,000 miles.

Source: U.S. D.O.T. 12/19/80.

For a free booklet on grade-labeling, please send your name and address to Uniroyal, Inc., Tire Advertising Department, Middlebury, Connecticut 06749.  
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## Match Point

The bold stroke of a soft tip pen—the finesse of a ball point. Each Cross writing instrument is masterfully executed to complement your style. In select and precious metals.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TO JEREMIAH TAX: FAREWELL AND HAIL

With this issue, Executive Editor Jeremiah Tax retires from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* after almost 26 years as one of our most valued writers and editors. Jerry was a freelance contributor during *SI*'s first months, joined the staff as a writer in 1955, became a senior editor in 1961, assistant managing editor in 1970 and executive editor, our second-highest editorial post, in 1979.

How easy it is to sum up a man's career in one paragraph—and how impossible. To talk of the stories Tax wrote for us, the ones he edited, the writers he helped, the friends he made, the editorial and personnel problems he handled, as well as the difficulties he anticipated and solved before they became problems—well, there simply isn't room.

Jerry had been a successful journalist for two decades before we got him. Born in Massachusetts, he grew up in Brooklyn, where he graduated from high school at the precocious age of 16, and went on to the University of Maryland. A fine chess player and a devotee of classical music (his wife and three daughters are all accomplished musicians), he was a sports buff, too, and when he began writing for us and applying his analytical mind to such subjects as basketball and harness racing, the results were exceptional. As Pete Newell, the 1960 Olympic basket-

ball coach, said, "Before Jerry Tax came on the scene in the 1950s, college basketball was mostly a local concern. But after Jerry and *SI* began putting out stories and scouting reports on teams all over the country, people in California became interested in how West Virginia was doing, and vice versa." The college game became truly national.

Pro basketball, too, was still in its infancy when Tax began writing about it. He covered Wilt Chamberlain's college and pro debuts and turned in a sensitive and significant story about Bill Russell during his first full season with the Boston Celtics, which led to an enduring friendship between Tax and Russell. His coverage of harness racing brought a burgeoning sport to national attention on a regular basis for the first time in development that moved admiring owner-breeders to name colts "Meadow Tax" and "Jeremiah Hanover".

Not that everyone applauded his sometimes caustic stories. After he criticized both Adolph Rupp, the University of Kentucky's basketball coach, and a local "delicacy" called the Hot Brown sandwich (the epicurean Tax claimed the Hot Brown tasted like hot glue), Jerry was rather gleefully hanged in effigy on the Kentucky campus.

But not around here. Tax became a writer editors liked, an editor writers liked, a man everyone liked. A stern conservative in matters of grammar and language, he nonetheless welcomed and helped foster the offbeat, idiosyncratic styles of such writers as Frank Deford and Curry Kirkpatrick. While he has been known to mutter, "Editors never have any fun," working with talented young reporters filled him with delight.

It's almost impossible to imagine *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* without Jeremiah Tax, and I'm pleased to note that he'll be coming into the office once a week to act as an editorial consultant. That's good, because it means I can say, in all sincerity, "So long, Jerry. See you around."

**CROSS**  
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# VIEWPOINT

by HARRY MIDDLETON

## BUYING A RANCHETTE AND A CHAIN SAW WON'T MAKE YOU INTO COUNTRY FOLK

When my grandfather built his house north of Baton Rouge along the Mississippi, he had no neighbors except an old man who lived across Tucker Wood, where he raised hogs. The old man had been in the Fifth Infantry in World War I. Before the war he wanted to be a lawyer, but when the war ended, he came back and built a shack of oak and virgin cypress in cedar. On summer nights he would cross the wood and help my grandfather split logs, mend fences and load the field. They would talk about the place in France where his life changed forever, and where he dreamed not of the law but of the river and the mountains. The old man is dead. Tucker Wood is gone, now it's part of an immense cotton farm run by computers in Little Rock and Memphis. The farmer in charge of the place wears three-piece suits. The land along the river has become crowded, but few of those who have moved in have come to live on the land, to

be with it. The new rural man is looking for escape, not involvement.

Nowadays, a lot of men behave as if they want to get back to the country, even if they never intend leaving their back porches. Of course, most of them don't actually want to lead the rural life—a risky, nervous, rattled and ominous life at best. What they desire is a country setting with city conveniences, evenings spent around a cozy wood fire thumbing through outdoor catalogues.

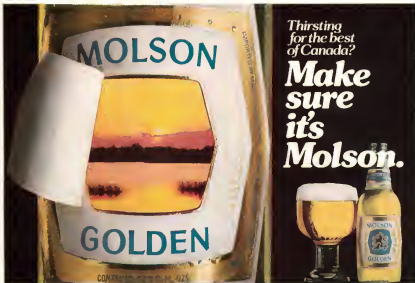
A city man rushes to the country, puts a down payment on something usually called a farmstead or ranchette, parks a tractor in the front yard, buys a chain saw, orders a pair of L.L. Bean duck shoes and expects an immediate dissipation of his anxieties and phobias, an ease of conscience, safety from crime, government, foul air, insurance agents and elevators. Instead, he ends up with an acre of crabgrass, a stolen tractor, mice nibbling at his catalogues, raccoons sampling his hot tub, a seedy local criminal who steals stone fences, trail bikes in the summer and snowmobiles in the winter.

Which is why the new country man is determined to get as much of the city into the barnyard as he can. He wants his nature with an alarm system and French restaurants. No

woodchucks under the bouthouse; no spiders in the barn loft; no fox at the wood's edge; no field mice under the wood stove. Such is the look of the new country man, as is one hand, opera tickets in the other.

"The country will take itself many qualities of the city," H.G. Wells warned years ago. "The old amusements will cease, the boundary lines will altogether disappear." And so they have, as Americans hurry to the country at the staggering rate of 350,000 a year. When they arrive they invariably find that the life they seek—certain, secure, simple—is as elusive as the glow of fox fire in a deep Southern night. The road back from polyester to calluses, to personal independence, to the genuine interdependence of man and nature is hazardous and demanding. It can't be traveled quickly, on a whim. Owning land cannot save a man's soul or heal his spirit. A man is not of the land until his life is soaked in it, and the two are inseparable. The country isn't simply a change of life but a separate and different way of living. The hard part isn't getting to a place but once there to be really part of it, fit it as snugly as a shell fits a nut. Otherwise, the country is only the city with more trees and no place for the cows to cross.

END



Thirsting  
for the best  
of Canada?

**Make  
sure  
it's  
Molson.**

BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Marietta Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

Ask your agent. How much thought does his company give to its existing policyowners? You might be surprised at the answer

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Ask your agent whether his company extends new policy improvements to old policyowners. At Northwestern Mutual Life we take pride in doing just that. And the "GET MORE OUT OF LIFE" program is just one example. This program provides a 14% average increase in coverage to owners of permanent policies, with no increase in the policy premium.\* So while future dividends will be slightly lower than they would have been, future cash values on these policies will be higher. All this results in a tax savings being channeled back to policyowners, the true owners of the company. Ask your agent if you'll have an opportunity like that. Expect another surprising answer.

**MAYBE.** If you're beginning to see a pattern here, you're right. Northwestern Mutual Life gives you all this wrapped up to be one of the best life insurance values money can buy. Would you have us break it to you any other way? Not on your life.

**NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE**  
The Quiet Company  
*usually*

\*Policies issued after December 31, 1977 already contain these improved features. Northwestern Mutual Life is represented only by Northwestern agents and not by brokers or agents from other companies.  
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100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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There's more, too—all good reasons to see what's in store for you at the Bell PhoneCenter Store.



# IT'S FOR YOU



# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

## A LITTLE GREEN FOR THE BIG RED?

Under NCAA rules, college athletes can receive money for scholarships, room, board and incidentals, but are otherwise expected to play the game for its own reward. Now comes news that State Senator Ernest Chambers has introduced a bill in the Nebraska legislature to classify University of Nebraska football players as state employees and accord them a salary as well as pension and workmen's compensation benefits. "These are young men who are placed under a great deal of pressure, play a very dangerous game and bring in a great deal of money to the institution," Chambers says. "They are exploited."

Unsurprisingly, an NCAA spokesman is leery of the proposal, warning that it could put Nebraska players in violation of existing rules. But Chambers says, "My feeling is that the state has the prerogative to define the status of the people within its jurisdiction." Accordingly, his bill contains the stipulation that "nothing in this measure shall be construed to make [a paid Nebraska football player] a professional athlete."

Chambers, Nebraska's only black legislator, is something of a political gadfly. Although chances of immediate passage of his bill are remote, he has a reputation for perseverance. Outraged that the legislature's chaplain was receiving \$319 a month for delivering invocations at daily sessions, he successfully sued in federal court on constitutional grounds to force the minister to, in effect, pray without pay. He's currently battling the use of radar by Nebraska highway patrolmen because of his belief that it isn't accurate, and he keeps alert to other potential issues by listening to customers while cutting hair in an Omaha barbershop, his job when the legislature isn't in session.

Chambers says he was galvanized into action on behalf of Nebraska football players after discussing the matter with star Running Back Jarvis Redwine and other Big Red players. Redwine evident-

ly shares Chambers' views. Last fall he told *The Kansas City Star's* Steve Richardson, "Football is a job to me but I'm not getting paid for it. Besides my scholarship, which includes basic tuition and books, I'm getting only \$158 [a month] to live off campus. Don't get me wrong. Every time I go on the football field I'm going to give it 100%. But when I have bills to be paid, and have to go to school, I get discouraged. I think all college athletes are exploited to an extent. I happen to be married and must live off campus. With standing-room crowds every game at Nebraska, I would think as a married player I'd be entitled to more money than I'm getting." Redwine had another complaint. Seems an Omaha company has sold 3,000 full-color posters of him for \$3 each—without his or the school's permission and without his receiving a nickel in compensation.

## TURNABOUT TIME, TURNOFF TIME

Introduced in mid-December, the Miller Lite television commercial starring former NHL Center Pete Stenkowski was an immediate hit. That's the one in which Stenkowski says he wants to tell his favorite Polish joke, then convulses a group of listeners—and surprises TV viewers—as he tells a joke in Polish: "Dlaczego Amerykaninowi zabrakło łodu? Poziół was zagubił przepiór!" But now, popular though the commercial was, Miller officials and their ad agency, Backer & Spielvogel, have abruptly pulled it off the air.

The official explanation offered by a Miller spokesman is that the discontinued commercial had "run its planned cycle." But other sources say the decision was reached because of protests from offended viewers. It's not exactly clear what the protesters were upset about. Some of them may have been under the misapprehension that Stenkowski was telling a conventional Polish joke, which is to say, a slur on Poles. Those folks just don't know their Polish. In fact, before the commercial was aired, it was shown to two prominent Polish-Americans, nei-

ther of whom objected to its being run. Which is scarcely surprising, because this is what Stenkowski was saying:

"Why did the American run out of ice?"

"Because he lost the recipe."

## SLOPPY REPORTING

In recent years the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association of America has grudgingly allowed a few women to attend its annual dinner, by tradition a stag affair. But while the association has let the likes of former New York Mets owner Lorinda de Roulet and one of the New York chapter's few women members, Jane Gross of *The New York Times*, grace its guest list, it has made clear it doesn't want hordes of wives, mothers and other womenfolk descending on the event en masse. By way of discouraging women from attending



what remains, essentially, a boys' night out, Jack Lang, the chapter's executive secretary, stretched the truth a bit by saying in a letter announcing that the 58th annual dinner will be held Feb. 1 in the Sheraton Centre in Manhattan: "As always it is a black-tie, all-male affair."

O.K., a little fib is one thing. But Lang added, gratuitously, "We'd like to invite the ladies but there just isn't enough room." In fact, the dinner will be held in the Sheraton's Imperial Ballroom, just as it was last year when it drew something like 1,100 men and three women. Because the room can accommodate 2,000 diners, that leaves, by our reckoning, space for 897 guests and/or guestettes. One trusts that members of Lang's association are more accurate in reporting baseball news than he is in discussing the organization's annual bash.

continued



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#### SCORECARD continued

##### ALL SAINTS' DAY

Sooner or later it's finally going to happen. Every college named after a saint will win in basketball on the same glorious day, lending a nice ecclesiastical look to the alphabetized agate-type results on the sports pages. On Saturday, Jan. 10, they came reasonably close. Although St. Joseph (Vt.), St. Scholastica, St. Olaf and St. Mary's (Calif.) lost to Worcester Tech, Hamline, Macalester and University of Pacific, respectively, look who came marching in:

St. Augustine's 71, Hampton Inst. 46  
St. Bonaventure 98, St. Michael's 80  
St. Cloud State 97, Minn.-Duluth 84  
St. Edward's 45, Boston-Tabor 63  
St. Francis Ill. 79, Roosevelt 56  
St. Francis Pa. 60, St. Francis N.Y. 47  
St. John's Miss. 80, St. Mary's 57  
St. John's N.Y. 83, Providence 63  
St. Joseph's Ind. 68, Ind. Central 64  
St. Joseph's Pa. 44, Jacksonville 42  
St. Lawrence 75, BKT 62  
St. Paul's 100, 146, 6-Shore 98 to 11  
St. Peter's 75, Army 45  
St. Thomas 72, Concordia-Moor 48

By the time the faithful reader reached Sanford's 67-66 win over Georgia Southern, he may or may not have noticed that the St. Louis Billikens had the day off.

##### WITH A NO-CUT, NO LESS

The full name of the first school mentioned in the preceding item is College of Saint Joseph the Provider, Or, as students on the Rutland, Vt. campus irreverently put it, "Joe the Pro."

##### NET EARNINGS

Officially, if not logically, the Grand Prix Masters tennis tournament in Madison Square Garden in mid-January (SI, Jan. 26) was considered to be the final event of the 1980 men's season. When the last dime of prize money was distributed, John McEnroe, who plays more singles matches than archrival Bjorn Borg and also is one of the few top performers who regularly compete in doubles, wound up atop the total-earnings list for the year, exceeding the million-dollar mark in the process. Counting tour winnings, plus income from such things as Davis Cup play, the bonus pool and four-man exhibitions (though not from endorsements, two-man exhibitions or promotional appearances), McEnroe won \$1,026,383. The rest of the top 10 in '80: Borg (\$723,212), Jimmy Connors (\$604,641), Ivan Lendl

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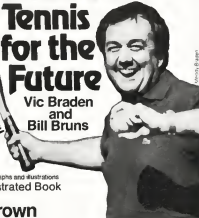
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The leading women money-winners for 1980 didn't fare quite as well. Tracy Austin, who paced the women, lagged far behind McEnroe with \$683,787, while runner-up Martina Navratilova trailed Borg with \$674,400, third-place Chris Evert Lloyd trailed Connors with \$427,705 and fourth-place Hana Mandlikova trailed Lendl with \$376,430—and so it went right down to the 10th-place woman, Pam Shriver, whose \$182,649 was considerably less than the amount won by the 10th man, Clerc. Somehow things seem slightly less inequitable when one lists the top 10 money-winners, men and women combined. Austin, Navratilova, Evert Lloyd and Mandlikova placed third, fourth, seventh and 10th, respectively. In other words, such outstanding male stars as Connors and Lendl were outearned by two women. That's the way the ball bounces, fellows.

#### PICKS BY THEIR PEERS

The NBA All-Star game will be played Feb. 1 in Richfield, Ohio with starting lineups chosen by the fans. Trouble is, the clubs had to submit nominations for the ballot last summer, which is why Phoenix' Walter Davis, who has toiled at guard this season, was listed—and elected to start for the West—at his old forward spot. And why the ballot also listed the oft-injured Bill Walton, who appeared in all of 14 games last season and none this season. Somebody in San Diego must have been dreaming. Also, the NBA's tub-thumpers began distributing the ballots during the season's second week, a heck of a time to start thinking about all-star selections. As a result, Seattle's Paul Westphal was chosen to start even though he has missed 25 games.

The selection process was further undermined by some obvious ballot-box stuffing, particularly in Atlanta, whose Hawks currently have a 19-32 record. It was bad enough that Hawk Forward Dan Roundfield and Guard Eddie Johnson were chosen to start for the East. On top of that, Tree Rollins finished a strong second at center to Chicago's Artis Gilmore despite missing 20 games, while Forward John Drew outpooled Milwaukee's Marques Johnson and Chicago's

continued



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## SCORECARD continued

go's David Greenwood for third place among forwards. Unaccountably, Boston's Larry Bird finished a distant sixth among East forwards. Here are the complete starting lineups chosen by the fans:

### EASTERN CONFERENCE

Julius Erving, Philadelphia	F
Dan Roundfield, Atlanta	F
Artis Gilmore, Chicago	C
Eddie Johnson, Atlanta	G
Reggie Theus, Chicago	G

### WESTERN CONFERENCE

Adrian Dantley, Utah	F
Walter Davis, Phoenix	F
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, L.A.	C
Paul Westphal, Seattle	G
George Gervin, San Antonio	G

For a different view of who should be starting in the All-Star game, SI conducted a poll of NBA players as the Jan. 1 deadline for the official fan vote drew near. Nearly two-thirds of the players responded. They agreed with only three of the fans' choices. Some eyebrows may be raised by the fact that three members of the New York Knicks were chosen by their peers as the best in the East, but at least the Knicks, unlike the Hawks, have been well above .500 most of the season. Here are the players' All-Star selections:

### EASTERN CONFERENCE

Julius Erving, Philadelphia	F
Marques Johnson, Milwaukee	F
Bill Cartwright, N.Y.	C
Michael Ray Richardson, N.Y.	G
Ray Williams, N.Y.	G

### WESTERN CONFERENCE

Truck Robinson, Phoenix	F
Jamaal Wilkes, L.A.	F
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, L.A.	C
George Gervin, San Antonio	G
Dennis Johnson, Phoenix	G

### THEY SAID IT

- Bill Walton, San Diego Clipper center (see above), who is about to undergo another foot operation: "I learned a long time ago that minor surgery is when they do the operation on someone else, not you."
- Ed (Moose) Krause, 68, Notre Dame's longtime athletic director, about the largely honorary title conferred on him upon his retirement: "I just found out what 'emeritus' means. It means working without pay."

END



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**Sports Illustrated**

FEBRUARY 2, 1981

# THIS WAS THE TIME



# FOR ONE GOOD MAN

*Given all the time in the world to throw, Jim Plunkett formidably came to the aid of his team, passing for three touchdowns as the Oakland Raiders routed the Philadelphia Eagles in Super Bowl XV*

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN



COVERED

Their fans love them but hate their owner. Their emblem is a guy with a patch over one eye and two swords sticking out of his head. During the week before the Oakland Raiders beat the Philadelphia Eagles 27-10 Sunday to win Super Bowl XV, their coach collected \$15,000 in fines. "Actually, that's a conservative figure," said their captain, Gene Upshaw, the left guard. "We're not a bunch of choirboys and Boy Scouts. They say we're the Halfway House of the NFL. Well, we live up to that image." Here Upshaw paused in his postgame oration for dramatic emphasis, and a smile split his face. "Every chance we get."

It was late. The last bus had left for the Raiders' team party. The locker room was almost empty. Only a few stragglers remained—Al Davis and his brother, Jerry, from New York, Lester Hayes scrubbing the last remnants of stickum from various parts of his anatomy, Jim Plunkett recounting for the umpteenth time

the tale of his resurrection. And Upshaw, still wearing most of his uniform, savoring the moment, prolonging it. El Capitan. Fourteen years an Oakland Raider—hey, he started in Super Bowl II against the Packers and Henry Jordan—202 straight games, 24 in postseason.

He has seen almost all the whackos and misfits and hit-men who've worn the silver and black: Dan Birdwell, who used to hurt people just by bumping into them in the locker room; Big Ben Davidson; George Buehler and his electronic toys; 7-foot Richard Sligh, who carried a gun on his hip. And when someone reminded Upshaw of Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil's rejoinder that John Matkusak, a curfew-breaker during Super Bowl week, would've been on his way home before the game were he an Eagle, Upshaw threw back his head and laughed. "If Tom Flores sent home every guy on this football team who screwed up," he said, "he'd be the only guy on the sideline."

continued



On the first Oakland touchdown, Plunkett weaved



On Oakland's third touchdown, Branch, a nine-year veteran, took rookie Cornerback Raynell Young to school. Young was ready to intercept Plunkett's 29 yard





petrified for Branch (21) to break loose in the end zone and then drilled the ball past Philadelphia Linebacker Frank LaMester (55) and into Branch's arms



pass at the goal line, but Branch slipped back under the coverage and caught the ball! Then he twisted away from Young's clutches and into the end zone



Unfortunately for the Eagles, Oakland's Martin (53) was one of Jewerski's primary receivers, intercepting three passes. Martin's first (left) led to a 7-0

#### SUPER BOWL XV continued

The sidelines Sunday, that's another story. A league official who was near the Oakland bench reported that when they weren't on the field, the players were busy eating peanuts. "The place was littered with shells," he said. Upshaw said the pregame locker room was typical Oakland—"one or two card games, radios going, a few guys rolling dice, nothing special."

When Cliff Branch caught his touchdown passes, of two and 29 yards, from Plunkett, when Kenny King grabbed another—in an 80-yard play, a Super Bowl record—when Chris Bahr booted his two field goals, the bench didn't erupt. There weren't many high fives, fists in the air, we're No. 1, any of that stuff. Cool it, guys, where's the party tonight?

When Pete Rozelle presented the trophy to Davis in the dressing room and Davis mumbled, "Thanks very much, uh, thanks very much, Commissioner," you could barely see this odd couple for the innumerable cameras that sprung up like weeds. It looked like a Japanese bus tour as the Raiders hoisted their cameras in the air to capture the moment forever.

Oh, they're different all right. When Vernaele sits down with his projector and cans of film in the still hours of the night, there will come a time when he'll rub his tired eyes and ask himself, "How did they do it? We covered all the angles. We worked on everything—man, did we

work. Two practices, in pads yet, on Tuesday, picture day. Team dinners, evening meetings. We attacked that soft zone they used, threw underneath it and moved the ball on them. We used the same pass-rush scheme that got us eight sacks when we beat them 10-7 in Philly in November. How did it happen? We're a team of character, of dedication, and we lost big in our biggest game ever. To a bunch of loose hangers like that. How?"

It starts with the offensive line, the heart and soul of the Raiders. Let's go back to August, when we were all picking the Raiders to go 7-9 or 6-10 and finish last in the AFC West, all us geniuses. What did we see then? An in-and-out quarterback named Dan Pastorini replacing The Snake, Kenny Stabler, and a backup quarterback named Plunkett, who'd worn a hole in the bench. A defense that finished 21st in the league in 1979 and had hardly changed. An aging and crippled offensive line. Yep, that's the place to start rebuilding all right.

We didn't look at that line carefully enough. It doesn't really fit the Oakland image. No refugees there. Every one of the front five was a high draft choice: two No. 1s, a No. 3 and two No. 4s. Proud people, solid citizens, three of them with Pro Bowl credentials. They smile and shake their heads when the wider guys do a number, but they're basically serious people—Guards Mickey Marvin and Upshaw, Tackles Al Shell and Henry Lawrence, Center Dave Dal-

by—and in November the Eagles had embarrassed them and dusted their quarterback eight times.

"Watch this game carefully," Lawrence had said on Monday, when the Raiders arrived in New Orleans. "Last time they did things to us that they won't do this time. They stopped our running, but they won't do it Sunday. They won't get to Plunkett. As for me personally, I was embarrassed by Claude Humphrey [3½ sacks]. This time I'm going to try to become the first offensive lineman to win the MVP in a Super Bowl."

"All week when I'd got interviewed, the first thing I'd be asked about was the eight sacks," said Dalby after the win. "You know, I got pretty damn tired hearing about those eight sacks."

On Sunday there was one sack, a non-contact thing when Plunkett scrambled and took a dive one yard short of the line. The running game wasn't overpowering—117 yards on 34 carries—but it was solid enough, particularly on first down, to set up enough short-yardage and medium-yardage situations to keep the Eagles guessing, to keep their nickel defense off the field. The Raiders picked up 68 yards on 15 first-down rushing plays, a 4.5 average.

Then there was the pass protection. It kept Plunkett comfortable in the pocket, gave him the assurance he could throw deep when he wanted to. "After the last Philly game, we started talking about shortening our routes, be-



Raider lead; his second, on a pass intended for John Spagnola (88), resulted in a 46-yard field goal by Clive Baker, and his third wrote bills to Philadelphia

## HE HAD THE WINNING HANDS

**R**od Martin had a portentous week before the Super Bowl. Oakland's right outside linebacker was the dominant force in his crazy-eight games with fellow linebackers Ted Hendricks and Jeff Barnes. "Twice I won three games in a row," said Martin. "We call that the Triple Crown—in honor of John Maritzak's favorite drink."

As if that weren't enough of an omen, Martin's older sister, Caroline, informed him just before the game that two people had each told her they had a feeling her brother would intercept a pass in Sunday's game. "There must have been a third person she forgot to tell me about," Rod said.

Martin set a Super Bowl record by intercepting three Ron Jaworski passes in the Raiders' 27-10 victory. His three thefts not only exceeded his four-year career total of two, but they also made him the third-leading receiver for the Eagles, right behind Ted Montgomery and Harold Carmichael. The first interception was the most important. It came on the third play of the game—a pass intended for Tight End John Spagnola. Martin poked off the ball on the Eagle 47 and returned it to the 30, setting up the first Raider touchdown. His second interception, in the third quarter, killed Philadelphia's last hope. His final steal was icing.

Martin had more than portents working for him Sunday. For one thing, he had some of cornerback Lester Hayes' stickum on his hands. "All I did was shake hands with him

before the game," said Martin. For another, he took in a few movies last week. While some of Martin's more celebrated teammates were out celebrating on Bourbon Street, he was in his hotel room watching Eagle films. "Just me and my projector," he said.

What Martin saw was that when the Eagles lined up two tight ends and then sent Wide Receiver Carmichael down the left side, the pass went most often to the tight end on Martin's side. That's what happened on the third play of the game. "I saw that Carmichael was going straight down the field. Spagnola hooked right behind me, and I just dropped back and played the ball. It was kind of wobbly—more like a duck than an Eagle."

Martin's second interception also came on a pass intended for Spagnola. This time, the tight end was in front of Martin, but Martin read the play and beat Spagnola to the ball at the Raider 30, returning it two yards before stepping out of bounds. Had the Eagles successfully completed that drive, the score would have been 21-10 and the outcome might have been different.

With only minutes to go in the game, Jaworski threw a pass into the Raiders' prevent defense—and who should be there but Martin. He returned it 25 yards to the Eagle 38. As he left the field, he waved to Caroline, three other sisters and his mother.

In many ways Martin is the perfect Raider, a wild card player on a wild-card team. He was drafted by Oakland out of USC, where he had

only two interceptions, on the 12th round in 1977. But because of his relative lack of size—6' 2" and 210 pounds—and because the Raiders were loaded with linebackers, he was traded to the 49ers in the '77 preseason. San Francisco released him two weeks later, just as it would release a quarterback named Jim Plunkett 12 months later. Martin soon received feelers from Kansas City, Tampa Bay, Chicago and Miami, but he decided to wait for Oakland to summon him back. "I happen to look good in silver and black," he says. To pass the time, he worked out near his home, on the beach in Santa Monica. The Raiders, strapped by injuries, finally called near the end of the '77 season.

Another round of injuries increased Martin's playing time in 1978. He started nine games as an inside linebacker, even though he was considered too small even to play a less punishing outside spot. Last year he moved to the outside and led the Raider linebackers in tackles.

"He just kept working and working," says Oakland coach Tom Flores. Adds Hendricks, Oakland's other outside linebacker, "Rod tackles better than I do, and he's better in man-for-man coverage. But teams tend to pick on his side. The reason we were so successful this year was that he protected that side." As for Martin himself, he's particularly proud of his ability to catch the ball, a talent that lay dormant until last Sunday. "I cherish my hands," he says.

The Eagles learned of that latest skill the hard way. And Martin got his Triple Crown. "Now I can go out partying with the Tooz," he said.

—STEVE WOLF



Trading only 14-3 in the second quarter, Philly blew a chance to narrow the gap when Tony Franklin's 28-yard field-goal try was spiked by Hendricks (83)

#### SUPER BOWL XV continued

cause Jim wasn't getting enough time to get us the ball," said Flanker Bobby Chandler, who caught four passes for 77 yards Sunday. "Well, Jimmy settled down and the line settled down, and I'm glad we didn't change anything."

Plunkett had to scramble a few times, but he wasn't being chased into danger zones, as he was in the November game. His scrambles bought time, screwed up the defense and got him out of trouble. When Plunkett hit Branch for the first touchdown of the game, the two-yarder,

he set it up by stepping up into the pocket, by freeing Herman Edwards, the cornerback, and John Banting, the linebacker, just enough to allow Branch to bend his pattern back in toward Plunkett and get open. Plunkett set up his next TD, the 80-yarder to King, with a scramble to his left, and then a quick decision—should he go to his primary receiver, Chandler, who was running a deep crossing pattern, right to left, or should he hit King, who was 19 yards down the left sideline, covered by Edwards? He chose

King. Edwards leaped for the interception and missed, and it was a footrace.

Now the Raiders were up 14-0 in the first quarter; they were in command. They got away from their bump-and-run defense and hung back in a zone, and Eagle Quarterback Ron Jaworski attacked it intelligently, throwing slants and crossing stuff underneath, catching Oakland in occasional mixups, generally staying away from Linebacker Ted Hendricks' coverage on the left side.

"He wasn't frustrated, even when the game was hopeless for them," Hendricks said. "You can pick up frustration by looking at someone's face, but I didn't see it in him. He was calm. He didn't get excited, no matter what happened, a drop or an interception. He wasn't kicking the ground or yelling at anybody."

Jaworski, who was pressured a few times but not sacked, picked up 291 yards passing, but most of the game he found himself with a long way to travel and a lot of points to make up. Four of his passes were dropped. Three were intercepted by Right Linebacker Rod Martin. The Raiders were tough against the run, yielding only 69 yards on 26 carries, but their pass defense showed occasional lapses. Cornerback Hayes was beaten deep by Charles Smith for 43 yards, and Wilbert Montgomery hurt Oakland more with his receiving—91 yards—than with his rushing—44 yards. And Ray Guy, who predicted he might hit one of the Superdome's gondolas, which were 200 feet up, with a punt, kicked low liners on his first two tries.

It was all over but the shouting when the Raiders recovered Jaworski's fumble in the fourth quarter.





*With blitzing Raider Safety Mike Davis airborne, Jaworski ducked free at the goal line and lobbed*

The solid part of the Raiders' operation was the pass-catch game, with Plunkett attacking first Edwards on the Eagles' right side and then, in the second half, rookie Left Cornerback Roy-nell Young. Give the man time and he'll win the Super Bowl MVP trophy. Quarterbacks will always be MVPs until the guys who vote finally figure out that it might be a good idea to consider an offensive lineman for the award.

Upshaw had been the star of the mid-week practices, especially the Wednesday workout which, Free Safety Burgess Owens said, "was so intense and vicious that I thought Tom would have to call it off." Wednesday was defense day, and Upshaw got into a brief punchup with Defensive End Dave Browning. "It always involves punches," Upshaw said. "These are the Raiders, remember?"

Thursday was offense day, and this time Upshaw's sparring partner was Phil Livingston, a jayvee defensive tackle. "Go hard," Al Davis told the rookie. "Make him work."

"I tried to kick him," Upshaw said. "I don't want to say where, but all the reg-

*continued*

*a 43 yard strike to Charles Smith, who had broken loose behind the Raiders' Mr. Glue, Cornerback Lester Hayes. The play led to Philly's only touchdown*



## THE HOODOO DOO DOO DON'T

Squinting out the plane window, Ted Roberts ruminates on the sad old days when the Eagles were losers. He's a second-generation fan who has endured 21 years of defeat after defeat. Now, at last, he's in his glory as one of some 4,000 rooters who poured themselves into 17 chartered planes in Philly around dawn last Sunday and took off for New Orleans on a merrymaking 22-hour round trip to see their team play in the Super Bowl. "Do you remember back in '43," says Roberts, "when our fullback, Ben Kish, jumped off the bench to tackle an opposing player?"

Roberts and his fellow travelers are getting deeper and deeper into nostalgia now. "I remember the booing when they changed Leroy Keyes from offensive to defensive halfback," announces travel agent Tom McAndrews. "It was like having Rembrandt paint your kitchen." (It was?)

Everybody on the plane agrees that the boo-bird days are over, yet the air hangs heavy

with a certain . . . apprehension. It's as if there's a spell on Philadelphia that no one really believes can be broken.

Denise Casciato, a waitress, and Karen Bascome, a barmaid, who both work in King of Prussia, Pa., aren't taking any chances. As soon as the plane lands, they go straight to the Voodoo Museum in the French Quarter to buy juju charms. They're given an especially potent gris-gris bag of swamp water, black-cat bones and a dash of asago oil to help ward off the evil Raider spirits. Sitting in the Abundance House, with Kelly-green wings tied to their arms, they don't give a damn about those Oakland spirits—they've each already downed several beers, a piña colada, a screwdriver, a hurricane and a mint julep. Now each is working on a Black Russian.

Later, at the Superdome, Denise starts waving her gris-gris bag and singing. "Look out for the hoodoo doo doo man" just as Ron Jaworski is about to throw his first pass. The

hoodoo doo doo man turns out to be Raider Rod Martin, who intercepts the ball.

The loudest and, literally, the highest of the Eagle faithful is Albert Cifelli, a sparky South Philly metal spanner who barks cheers through a bullhorn. He's perched in the very top row of the Superdome, wearing a forest-green felt hat on which he has stitched little-bitty football helmets. One of Cifelli's pals asks him if he thinks the Eagles can come back from a 14-3 deficit. "Oh, yes, positively," Cifelli says. "I'll cry if they don't."

Cifelli pours himself a shot of Seagram's from his flask, and when the Eagles score to cut Oakland's lead to 24-10, he starts hopping up and down like a demented kangaroo. But two rows in front, John Wilcox, a roundish 52-year-old steam fitter from South Farmingdale, N.Y., begins to needle him. "The clock is running down," Wilcox shouts with obscene glee, "and Philadelphia will lose."

The Raiders kick another field goal. "And the clock is running," Wilcox says.

"We're still gonna win," Cifelli says a little less confidently.

Jaworski fumbles. The boo birds start squawking. Cifelli lubricates the moment with



Eagle cornerback Herman Edwards leaped in vain as Plunkett's 19-yard pass was pulled in, however shakily, by Kenny King, who spun away from



Eagle fans carve winging into the French Quarter

another shot of Seagram's. He reaches across a couple of hundred pounds of belly, draws forth a dark green towel and dabs the corners of his teary eyes.

"You told us the Eagles were going to win," Wilcox says with a smirk, smacking a fist triumphantly into a hand.

"Well," says Cifelli, rolling his eyes. "What else could I say?"

—FRANK LENE

#### SUPER BOWL XV continued

ulars got mad at me because the kid had just gotten married. They started calling me Conrad Upshaw. I apologized."

When they weren't tangling, the Raider offensive linemen were perfecting a technique born from the eight-sack game in Philly, an aggressive, jamming maneuver designed to cut off the defenders before they got into their stunts. "What they had done to us in Philly," Upshaw said, "was slant one guy hard to get penetration and then loop the outside guys, Carl Hairston and Claude Humphrey, around them, or loop Ken Clarke, a tackle. The inside guy was coming in so hard he was screwing up our whole blocking scheme. We wound up picking each other off. One of their guys would get in free."

"After that game, everybody started doing it to us, teams like San Diego, who'd never showed it before. They all have computers nowadays. They punch a button and they have your whole history. So we had seven more games to practice against that stuff, and finally we

found a way to solve the traffic problem. We cut off their jammer early—sounds like the roller derby, doesn't it? Today we had them running into each other and knocking their own guys off."

So Plunkett completed his comeback season with a 13-for-21, 261-yard day. And Branch, who'd been socked with a \$1,000 fine for missing practice eight days before the Super Bowl, wound up with five catches, two for touchdowns.

"My horoscope always reads miss practice and have a good game," Branch said afterward, enjoying the moment immensely. "I spoke to Joe Greene last week and he said, 'Go down there and enjoy the week, but don't forget what you're there for.'"

So the Raiders had fun. And they paid \$15,000 in fines, maybe more.

"I asked Flores, 'Hey, where does all that money go?'" Upshaw said. "He said, 'To me.' By the end of the week he had enough for a new BMW. Tom doesn't say a word if you screw up. He just cuts off your wallet. You see that stub in your check and you say, 'Well, I've

continued



Edwards and churned down the sideline, escorted by Wide Receiver Bob Chandler, to complete a Super Bowl record 80 yard touchdown play





Wherever Montgomery (above) ran wide, he encountered Raiders, but Oakland rubbers like

van Eagle rolled for consistent yardage on first down behind blockers who opened wide holes



Having been porous in November, this time the Raiders kept Philly sackers at arm's length



got another tax deduction." Yeah, we had guys break curfew this week, but when that door opened today we were ready to play. We peaked at the right time."

The converse is that maybe Philadelphia reached its peak too early in the week—or too early in the season. Perhaps a closed environment isn't the answer. At least half a dozen Eagles said that the old intensity just wasn't there. Close, but not really the same as when they'd played Dallas and Oakland in November. They didn't know why.

"I'll tell you why," said the 6'8", 280-pound Matuszak. "Because of their coach. It wasn't their fault. It was his. They weren't ready for what we gave them today. They were overconfident, and he got them that way. He didn't let them go out all week. You can't treat a man like a boy and then expect him to play like a man."

"Wednesday night is my normal night to go out, so I went out, curfew or no curfew. I'll pay my fine. I walked out the front door, I had nothing to hide. Some guy said he heard the club had hired deputies to stand guard and try to stop me. If I want to go out, I go out. I don't care what kind of deputies they have. Vermeil can't understand that. Hey, use your head, buddy. I couldn't play for him in a million years, and I wouldn't want to."

Al Davis was more generous toward Vermeil, who suddenly became the post-game whipping boy after bringing his team within one game of winning the works. "The man is true to what he believes, and that was good enough to get them here," Davis said. "They're a damn tough team, don't make any mistake about that. The only thing is... well, it's tough to have a para-military group within the confines of a culture that isn't para-military. You have to adjust. Obviously he feels he doesn't have to. But you must realize that this was his first Super Bowl game."

It was the Raiders' third, with two victories (XI and XV), a number matched by Dallas, Miami and Green Bay and surpassed only by Pittsburgh, which has four. Since 1963 Oakland has been the winningest organization in pro football. Since Davis stepped down (or up) in 1966, the Raiders have had three head coaches—John Rauch, John Madden and Flores—and each one has taken the team to a Super Bowl.

"I was proud of all the great old stars *continued*



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who came to our room before the game today," Davis said. "Bully Cannon, Lance Alworth, Bubba Smith, Jim Otto, Clem Daniels, Even Night Train Lane. . . . Lester Hayes was thrilled to meet him. It was like a guy getting ready for a heavy-weight championship fight, and all the old champions come into his dressing room to wish him luck. Maybe our league

should recognize these people, maybe they should make it part of the next Super Bowl production; a night-of-stars type of thing. They could hire an arena for it. It would be thrilling."

Davis went over to Upshaw, the only player left in the dressing room.

"What do you say, are you going to let me retire now?" Upshaw said.

"It's up to you."

"Ah hell, I can't retire. I've got mini-camp coming up in March."

An unusual team and an unusual story. The wildest of underdogs, a quarterback who was given up for dead long ago, a team that might not be in Oakland next year. Let's hear it for the Halfway House.

END

## LITTLE BIG MAN

In the steamy Oakland locker room a moment before he was to receive the NFL championship trophy, Raider Managing General Partner Al Davis turned to a round little man at his side, handed him a small black leather case and said, "Hold my glasses." Then he embraced the little guy and whispered, "We did it, Butch." "He calls me Butch about twice a year," said Al LoCasale proudly.

To those who hold both AIs in some disregard—and their number is legion—the locker-room scene was chillingly symbolic, because in LoCasale, who's officially listed as executive assistant, they see a sinister henchman, capable of performing any task, no matter how menial, for an even more sinister boss. "LoCasale is Davis' Haldeman," says a former Raider employee. "It's a brilliantly conceived operation. Davis sits in his office thinking dark thoughts and LoCasale controls everything, keeping out all the negatives."

Others view LoCasale as much more than a mere subordinate. Indeed, whatever fault LoCasale's detractors find with his role, his loyalty to Davis, his diligence, his keen intelligence and his immense authority within the Raider organization are unquestioned. His powers are such that, like his boss, he has become a controversial, even notorious figure. As Davis, who's locked in litigation over the proposed Raider move to Los Angeles, has retreated increasingly behind a no-comment screen, LoCasale has reluctantly emerged as the Raider spokesman. It was LoCasale, for example, who braved the wrath of Oakland fans last spring when he appeared before a convocation of booster clubs to state Davis' position on the proposed defection.

"It got to be very emotional," LoCasale recalls. "I could feel the fans' frustration. I told them I was frustrated, too, because we were

being forced by others to move. I got a standing ovation, and I left in tears."

The 47-year-old LoCasale is, by his own admission, emotional. He prowls the press box at home games, barking instructions by walkie-talkie to hapless underlings on the field. Late in games he takes to the sidelines himself, urging his truncated body up and down the field in pursuit of the action. LoCasale's brand of loyalty seldom tolerates criticism, and he has been known to upbraid offending journalists personally. He can be equally abrupt with Raider employees. "Al Davis wants it that way," a former associate says. "He hired himself a full guy, somebody to yell at secretaries and office workers. LoCasale is a Napoleon." Says another erstwhile Raider employee, "He's a little man in a big man's sport. You don't have to be a shrink to see where he derives his bigness."

"My job is to see that things get done," says LoCasale, defending himself succinctly. He's responsible, in one way or another, for virtually every administrative function, from travel arrangements to marking the sidelines to supervising the Raiderette dancing girls. He's Davis' liaison with the league hierarchy,

the pro football equivalent of being Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. In essence, LoCasale frees Davis to brood over zone defenses and scheme against Pete Rozelle.

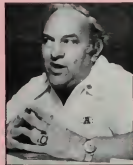
"I enjoy working with Al," says LoCasale. "And with is the key word here. I work with him, not for him. Al can be Socratic. He will get answers through questions. He doesn't say, 'This is what I want done.' I've been called a henchman. People in our organization realize that we sit and argue things out. The criticism I get comes with the job. Some people think that by getting on me, they're getting to Al. They're all little people."

LoCasale, who's about 5'4", is himself a little person, at least vertically. He was, therefore, not much of a football player in his youth, but he was a football fanatic who began coaching sandlot teams in Philadelphia when he was still in his teens. And as an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania, he helped coach the Olney High School varsity squad he couldn't quite make. In fact, he first met Davis at a coaching clinic in Atlantic City in 1952, when LoCasale was 18 and Davis was 22 and coaching a small-college team. They so impressed each other that they adjourned for the evening to watch films and scribble X's and O's. LoCasale first worked with Davis at USC in 1959. Together they moved to the Chargers in 1960. Except for a 6½-year stint in the '60s, LoCasale has been with Davis ever since.

"I hate to use the word 'love,'" LoCasale says, "but there is a form of affection between us. We have common goals. I had a son born two years ago, and I was in the delivery room. There's nothing akin to that, but when we won the AFC championship in San Diego on Jan. 11, I felt that we, too, had nurtured and brought something to life."

In the locker room Sunday, LoCasale looked like a proud new father. He embraced players, spoke kindly to newsmen, posed for photographs and briefly clasped the championship trophy. "This is the most satisfying and rewarding win of all, after all the adversity and controversy," he said in exaltation. And, in due time, Davis retrieved his spectacles.

—RON FINNITE



One critic says LoCasale is Davis' Haldeman

*Beth, you were ready.  
Look what you've done  
You're on top, ain't it fun.  
Ah, now Beth, you're Number One.*

—SHE'S A WINNER (BETH'S SONG)

**F**un? Well, not really. True, Beth Daniel is the major figure in her game now, having unseated that smiling face, Nancy Lopez-Melton, the media heartthrob who almost single-handedly propelled the LPGA from newspaper rag to headline type. But Daniel has discovered that with stardom have come all these people looking at her, studying her, eating away at her time and privacy, challenging her to get back into the kitchen if she can't stand the heat. Her inclination is to put on a fake nose and dark sunglasses. Daniel doesn't want to be adored, only appreciated for what she is: the best woman golfer around. If she can get her putter fully straightened out and her temper cooled down, and if everyone will stay behind the gallery ropes so she can hit practice balls from dawn to dusk, she could become the finest female golfer of all time.

Naturally shy and reclusive—she and her similarly inclined roommates at Furman called themselves The Possums—Daniel is a reluctant superstar, just as the young Jack Nicklaus was some 20 years ago when he arrived, fat, rumples and socially awkward, to challenge the charisma of Arnold Palmer. Daniel happens to be tall and thin—gawky, if you will—and she, too, is uneasy among people and happiest on a lonesome, uncrowded road, preferably one that leads to a private golf course. When she joined the tour two years ago and got her first look at the mob chasing after Lopez, as she then was, Daniel was aghast. "I'll never be another Nancy," she said at the time.

And she isn't. Last season, while winning four tournaments and a record \$231,000 in prize money, becoming LPGA Player of the Year, setting standards for consistency and displaying a nearly flawless swing, Daniel almost got herself suspended for throwing clubs and digging up greens. She chewed out a photographer who aimed his camera at her at the wrong moment and sighed loudly and pointedly at any journalist who dared ask what she considered an inane question. "I'm a golfer, not a movie star," she says. "I come across on first impression like a jerk, stuck-up, really a cold fish."

*(continued)*

## THE GAME IS HER LIFE AND ONLY LOVE

New LPGA star Beth Daniel has heave-hoed her clubs, friends and a special caddy in pursuit of excellence

by BARRY McDERMOTT



But holy mackerel, this woman can play! Alltime great Mickey Wright took a look at Daniel and announced, "In three years people will be saying, 'Nancy who?'" And Daniel's caddy, a 53-year-old former jet fighter jockey named Dee Darden, says he would tote her bag for free because "She hits shots that just make you tingle." Over the last half of the 1980 season, after she'd figured out to some extent how to get the ball into the hole from six feet, Daniel played the best run of golf anyone ever saw on the women's tour. Discounting a tournament in Atlanta, from which she withdrew because of a muscle spasm in her back, she dominated the tour—utterly and completely. At one point she won three straight tournaments, among them the World Series of Women's Golf. Only once did she finish worse than fifth, in the U.S. Women's Open, in which she was 10th. Week after week, from Birmingham to Japan, a span of 19 tournaments, she either won or had a chance to win.

Women's golf used to be a sideshow. As recently as 10 years ago, the tour consisted of a small band of impoverished players playing the back nines of America. Country clubs limited women's play

to ladies' days and occasions when the demand from men for course time was low. But with the rise of feminism, Title IX and a new professionalism in the LPGA management, this has all changed. Daniel grew up on a course, the Country Club of Charleston, S.C., where she could get out and play as often as the boys did. She entered amateur tournaments all over the world. She even competed on the men's team at Furman. And by the time she was ready to join the tour, she didn't have to act like a lady. If she missed a shot she said something stronger than "darn." And she'd stick a club in the ground or bounce one off her caddy and roar like Tugboat Annie. In other words, if she could play like a man she could act like one, too.

Lopez joined the tour in 1977 and almost immediately was dubbed Wonder Woman. Hers is still the standard against which Daniel's performance is measured. When Johnny Miller mounted a challenge to Nicklaus a few years ago, it was noted that while he won a lot of Phoenixes and Tucsons, he couldn't win with Nicklaus in the field; in fact, he couldn't finish ahead of Nicklaus, even when neither of them won. In the last half of last season, when she finally stopped fighting



When the red light goes on, Darden stays cool

herself, Daniel beat Lopez-Melton in nine of the 14 tournaments in which both were entered. And that success provided a measure of inner peace. "Inside I'm much more relaxed now," says Daniel. "It's not like a matter of life or death. I get upset still, but that's just the competitiveness in me."

Daniel has discovered one way to ensure tranquility: when the walls start closing in on her, she disappears, taking a week or two off. She also tenaciously guards her freedom by not taking on a multitude of commitments for personal appearances and endorsements—easy money to most top players. As a result, she stands to lose perhaps \$200,000 a year, according to her manager, Vinny Giles. When she leaves the course she is drawn toward solitary pursuits—reading books, watching television, or listening to Willie Nelson laments on her elaborate stereo system. "I'm a very private person," she says. "I don't thrive on popularity. Everyone wants to be popular, and everyone wants to be wanted, but Lopez is in the limelight so much that she gave up something precious: her time. I treasure mine too much for that."

It has been said that Daniel plays like a man. Actually, she plays like a machine. When the gears are meshing properly,



At the 1980 Golden Lights tournament, Daniel defeated 79 winner Lopez-Melton by two strokes



as they were last August and September, no one can touch her. Even when Daniel plays poorly she will nonetheless be somewhere on the leader board. And even scarier for her rivals, at 24, some three months older than Lopez-Melton, Daniel is still emerging from the insulated Southern environment that protected her during her childhood. She's only starting to discover just how good she can be.

The Swing. Golfers talk about Daniel's swing as the best among women players since Wright starred in the mid-'60s. It's long, slow and rhythmic, its cadence reminiscent of Sam Snead's. Because Daniel is 5'10", she generates enormous power. She's easily the longest driver on the tour. Nicklaus' competitors used to say of him, "He plays a different game." In women's golf, Daniel plays a different course, one a lot shorter than that confronting other players. At a tournament in Dallas last September, one rival told her, "Beth, I wanted to shoot my ball out of a cannon today so I could keep up with you."

It's because of this swing that most people believe Daniel will dominate the tour for seasons to come. Four years ago, Judy Rankin, who was then the LPGA's leading money-winner, watched a teenage Daniel shoot a back-nine 34 and told her husband, "Someday that girl is going to beat all of us. She's the closest thing to Mickey Wright I've seen." Says two-time Open champion JoAnne Garner, "She's got all the shots. There aren't many players who have the ability to shoot 65 every time they tee it up. She's one of them."

To be compared with Wright in only your second year on the tour is exhilarating stuff. Wright won 82 tournaments during her long LPGA career, grinding out the miles by automobile because she had a fear of flying. Perhaps because she feels a kinship—one legend observing the birth of another—Wright has closely watched Daniel's progress. "Obviously, she has the desire, and that's the most exciting thing you can see in a young player," says Wright. "Her record in 1980 is just a start for her, I'm sure."

Women golfers and tennis players have progressed from being discriminated against to something near equality, but for a few of the best, that apparently hasn't meant satisfaction. Chris Evert Lloyd and Lopez-Melton, having attained the top in their respective pro-

fessions, seemed almost as if they couldn't wait to trade the glory for an apron and a husband. Evert Lloyd wavers between retiring and playing. And Lopez-Melton reduced her schedule following her marriage in 1979 and has said that in the near future she will leave the tour to have children.

Says Wright of the new breed, "They start earlier and burn out earlier. Plus, once you get the money sack full, the motivation fades. But Beth strikes me as one that will maintain her drive for a long time. She struck me that way three or four years ago. She really seems to want to be the best." Says Daniel, "I haven't achieved anything yet. If I were to quit golf today, I would go down in history as nothing."

The bottom line on Daniel is that while she's well on her way to mastering golf, she remains indentured to it. Life is golf. The game's history is her scorecard. And if it comes down to it, she will give up love, friends, time, money, anything it takes to mark that scorecard so that no one ever will forget who she was.

In 1979, her rookie year, full of expectation and burdened by promise, Daniel wore out the practice tee. She

complained that the LPGA put too much pressure on her by proclaiming her "the next Lopez." She told a boyfriend that her life didn't have enough room for two loves. And she broke the heart of a man who gave up his job for her.

This fractured romance illustrates just how important being the best is to Daniel. She met the fellow at a tournament in the East. They went out, and she giggled like a schoolgirl. He attended a couple of tournaments in the New York area and even flew to Dallas to be with her. Then, on the course, she found herself scanning the gallery for him instead of looking at her shot. She told the guy to get lost. "I probably wouldn't have worked out anyway," Daniel says now—she'd had the same problem before. "If I were to meet someone, it would be really hard for me to have a relationship because right now I give so much to golf that I couldn't give 100% to a relationship."

Tommy Bell, a former sportswriter for *The Columbia State* in South Carolina, quit his job, caddied for Daniel in her erratic rookie year and wrote a book about the tumultuous odyssey. So far it's unpublished, but Bell calls it *Moments, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be*

*continued*



When Bell, Daniel's erstwhile caddy, gave Beth a birthday present, she responded with a pink slip

Caddies. The book is a log of the tour, but it's also the personal narrative of how a 29-year-old man becomes immersed in Daniel's quest for greatness: how he changes from an objective journalist, nicknamed Clark Kent by the other players, to a caddie who grows misty-eyed when Daniel hits a good shot. The year starts with Daniel lobbing a putter at Bell after missing a short putt. The two are laughing friends, not lovers; buddies who make up nicknames for things. Her putter becomes Sam Wilson, and Tommy's old Volvo is called Arnold, after Arnold Palmer. In the end, on her birthday, after he has given her a present, she fires him, an acrimonious parting from which Bell still hasn't recovered.

He now lives in Hilton Head Island, S.C., where he's an insurance executive. After his year on the tour, he and his wife divorced and he sold his house and moved into a trailer. For a time he was jobless and nearly destitute. When the women's tour visited Hilton Head last spring, Daniel told him, "Tommy, I really care about you."

"If you cared about me," said

Bell, "I'd still be caddying for you." Wrong. If she cared less about golf, he'd still be caddying for her.

Now Daniel sees the episode as a good idea that didn't work. She believes that she and Bell were too emotional, an unstable pairing, always near the flash point. Though Daniel won a tournament and \$97,000 in her rookie year, she wound up looking at her caddie as if he had a buzzard on his shoulder, and she acknowledges that they parted "on real bad terms."

"There has to be a professional relationship between caddie and player," she says. "We thought we could be friends and work together, too. But it got to the point that it was hurting me more than helping. He was too emotionally involved in my golf game and in my life, even down to trying to pick my friends. I was so stuffed that I couldn't be myself."

Now Daniel's caddie is the unemotional Darden, who, after a career of seeing emergency lights go on in Air Force cockpits, doesn't get upset about anything that takes place on a golf course. Darden carries the bag and leaves the

driving to Daniel. "Dee just takes everything in stride," Daniel says. "I get mad and he doesn't react, and as a result I don't get mad as much. And if I yell at him, he just talks on like nothing happened. I get embarrassed and apologize."

Golf is a frustrating game. Ben Hogan called it a game of misses. And on those days when Daniel's misses pile up, when her clubs—her "babies," as she calls them—sass her, she slams them around, occasionally displacing a piece of golf course in the process. Or she berates Darden. Or litters anyone who happens to come into her field of vision with a mean-faced glare. As a teen-ager, she almost conked a country-club mother with a helicopter club. On another occasion, in a basketball game, she heaved the ball at a referee. Early last season, before she began winning consistently, she implored reporters not to write that she had flipped her nine-iron into the air after a bad shot. She'd already been fined twice for similar transgressions. "Now I'll be suspended," she said. Then she managed to persuade LPGA officials that she hadn't tossed the club in anger.



Daniel, who has passed up thousands of dollars worth of endorsements, here films a free commercial for the hometown Red Cross in Hardy's pro shop

Daniel's occasional eruptions, described as "competitive fire" by those close to her, have for the most part disappeared. Winning has helped. Then there was the LPGA, whose gendarmes would somehow materialize whenever Daniel's temper started to sizzle. "They were after me," she says. "Every time I had a bad hole they would show up in a golf cart and start writing in their notebooks." It should be recorded that at the Women's Open—a tournament not administered by the LPGA—Daniel got hot under the collar more than once and had her worst showing of the last half of 1980.

Of course, when you are young and can hit the ball like Daniel, and when you have won two U.S. Amateurs, finished second in a pro tournament while still in college and beaten more than three-fourths of the field in a men's college tournament, when you come on tour and are interviewed almost daily as to why you aren't running away with all the titles and money, you tend to get a little snappish.

Daniel grew up in Charleston, the daughter of Lucia and Bob Daniel. Her father is a Coca-Cola distributor, a former cheerleader for The Citadel and a golf nut who has such a wild backswing that he has snapped a club in two by bouncing it off his shoulder. As a prosperous businessman, Bob could afford to give his daughter the best coaching and pay her way to state and national amateur tournaments. He cheered her on. Each week from the time she was 16, Beth would join her father and his friends for a small-stakes game of golf. She competed on equal terms, playing from the men's tees. "She always could hit the ball as far as any man out there," Bob says. "And practice.... I've seen her work so much that her hands would bleed. If there was anybody overdedicated to a sport, it was she." On the infrequent occasions when Beth lost, she'd say, "The sun don't shine on the same dog's behind all the time." In her parents' home there is a trophy, a gift from one of the participants in the weekly game, on which the same line is inscribed, except that the "don't" has been changed to "does."

The sun does shine on Daniel almost constantly now, but it seemed to take its time coming over the horizon. Al Esposito, the kindly pro at the Country Club of Charleston, a \$7.50-per-half-hour instructor, first tutored Daniel when she was eight. In those days she was small

for her age, so Esposito had her hold the club with all 10 fingers, a departure from the standard overlapping grip. Well-meaning people over the years have urged her to change it, but from the beginning Daniel has let advice from anyone but her teacher roll right off her back.

"If I told her to stand on her head and grip the club with her feet, well, by golly, she'd do it," says Esposito, who's now 60 and recently retired. "When I first saw her, she was so little that you would've thought she was least likely to succeed. But she was determined. She'd pull her bag over her shoulder, and off she'd go. She just played and practiced and practiced every opportunity she got. I remember an early pee-wee tournament. She beat several of the boys and one of them said to me, 'Beth can sure play golf, but I'm going to beat her tomorrow.' Beth was standing there and she said, 'We'll see.' But you should've seen the expression in her eyes. They got so cold. It reminded me of Ben Hogan. And the next day she beat the boy again."

**F**rom then on, Esposito says, he was convinced that only one thing could come between Daniel and greatness, and that was boys. "But, by golly, she didn't let me down," he says. "Boys didn't mean a thing to her. Golf was her love."

In 1972, when Daniel was 15, Esposito left the country club to take a job at Charleston's municipal course, and his star pupil came under the tutelage of Derek Hardy, a transplanted Briton with a knack for teaching junior girls. Hardy refined Daniel's swing with a drill she still uses today. It involves hitting eight-iron shots with a half swing. Daniel resolutely performed the exercise for six months. The next summer she started winning state junior tournaments.

To the surprise of everyone—including her parents, who had made room reservations for only the first couple of days of the tournament—at 18 Daniel sailed through the 1975 U.S. Amateur, beating, among others, a phenom named Lopez.

A few years earlier, after Daniel had performed poorly in a junior tournament, a headline in a Charleston newspaper had referred to her as a "local duffer." But after her triumph in the Amateur, she returned to confetti and noisemakers. A crowd of about 300 welcomed her at the airport, beginning a love affair with her hometown that continues today. Except for the Navy base, Daniel is the biggest

thing around. "This town considers Beth as its daughter," says Mac Holladay, head of the local Chamber of Commerce. "She's our patron saint." After she won her second amateur title in 1977, she was honored on billboards around the city, and the Chamber threw a victory party attended by some 500 people. It was there that *She's a Winner*, a poem to her accomplishments, was first sung. That same year a large portrait of Daniel was hung inside the entrance to the clubhouse of the Country Club of Charleston. The local media began following her every move. When she turned pro in 1979 the Charleston newspapers staffed her first tournament. "They put the monkey on her back early," says Esposito. "Every shot she hit had to be perfect."

However, Beth's perception of the value of success and adulation probably was fashioned by her disastrous performance at the 1976 U.S. Amateur. Putting too much pressure on herself to prove that her victory the year before wasn't a fluke, she was eliminated in the first round. That night she got off the plane in Charleston to be greeted only by her family and Esposito.

"Have you learned anything?" Esposito asked, nodding at the empty airport. "I certainly have," she said.

The lesson was about the fickle nature of fans: if they could ignore her when she was down, she certainly wouldn't need them when she was on top. And so she discourages the public—and the press—from getting too close. It's no wonder that she is happiest on the player's side of the gallery ropes, where no one can touch her. When she feels the need to disappear, she leaves neither a forwarding address nor a telephone number. Sometimes her family draws her home, but rather than practice at the country club while in Charleston, she drives the 30 miles to Seabrook Island, a resort she represents, where she can hit in solitude. That's the way she wants it. She still has a tape recording of the song composed for her 1977 victory party, and one can imagine her riding down the road—in her Mercedes Benz now—alone but not really lonesome, because her babies are in the trunk. She's at the top of her sport but not yet near the historic pinnacle she intends to reach. There are still years of scorecards to be marked. She listens to the song on the car's tape deck. *She's on top, ain't it fun? / Ah, now Beth, you're Number One.*



**HE'S LORD  
OF ALL  
INDOORS**





Zungul watches as one of the five goals he scored against Phoenix gets by keeper Nick Overcharuk.

Outside Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium the temperature was plunging toward zero, but inside 9,000 Stallion fans were heating up as the game against the New York Arrows, Buffalo's big rival in the Major Indoor Soccer League, went into sudden-death overtime. One New York player in particular was being given a hard time by the crowd. Down on the tropical-green artificial turf laid over the hockey rink on which this six-a-side version of soccer is played, the object of this attention was limping glumly around the Stallions' penalty area, the 25-by-30-foot zone directly in front of the Buffalo goal.

His right thigh heavily bandaged to protect a torn tendon, the man Stallion fans call the Commissioner of Sanitation—because, they say, most of his goals are garbage—was obviously in trouble. As play resumed, he gave a sleepy nod to his teammates and waited, his face an impassive mask. He didn't even raise his head as the few Arrow rooters who'd made the trek to Buffalo began to chant, "ZSHUN-gul! ZSHUN-gul!" ZSHUNGul (spelled Zungul) isn't something one says after sneezing in Belgrade. Zungul is what New York fans intone when the Arrows need a goal. Slavisa Zungul—known as Steve—is the amazingly gifted 26-year-old Yugoslav striker who holds just about every offensive record in the MISL and is its reigning star, the Pelé of indoor soccer. He had scored 71 goals in 26 games at the end of last week, twice as many as his closest rival, and had 33 assists, also tops by a substantial margin, to make him a heavy favorite to wind up as the league's top scorer for the second year in a row. Extraordinary stats, even for the MISL where goals come by the bushel and scores like 12-7 aren't unusual. And this is no recent phenomenon. Zungul has scored goals in 71 of the 76 games he has played in during the league's 2½-season history. Not exactly garbage.

In Buffalo's Aud it's four minutes into the sudden death. The crowd noise subsides to a mere roar as Arrow defender Val (Mad Dog) Tuksa gathers the ball at midfield and steams toward the Stallions'

keeper, Scott Manning, with no defender in sight.

Manning glances to his right at the aloof, crippled Zungul and turns to face the onrushing Tuksa. Tuksa will surely shoot—what player wouldn't, one-on-one with the keeper?—but Manning will have a chance to stop the shot. So, instead, Tuksa fires a low, burning pass across the goal mouth, and before Manning can turn again, there's Zungul, his face showing a trace of pain as he accelerates into overdrive. His long, black hair flying, the 6-foot, 175-pound Zungul taps Tuksa's pass under the diving Manning for a goal. The Arrows win 6-5.

In the sudden silence of the Aud, Zungul's face breaks into a smile. He dances in a series of twirls, leaps and hops worthy of a Baryshnikov. All of a sudden it's a different Zungul, the one who supposedly cares more about Olivia Newton-John than anything else, who parties all night at Regine's and bangs out with Al Pacino, who without too much difficulty could become Broadway Steve, fond as he is of lamsos and opening nights.

While performing his small ballet, Zungul seems a happy young man. The goal he has just scored was the 176th of his MISL career and gave him his 34th hat trick. He has had 14 four-goal, eight five-goal, two six-goal and one seven-goal games. He scored 90 regular-season goals last season, including three in a one-minute, 16-second span against Detroit. His fans have dubbed him the Scoring Machine, a nickname he detests but may deserve, not only for his goals, but also for the unemotional air he projects.

Suddenly, in what seems to be mid-celebration, the mask again covers Zungul's features. He turns abruptly from his exuberant teammates, walks quickly off the floor and is the first man in the showers. The Arrows' coach, Don Popovic, a compatriot of Zungul's, watches his departing star, sighs and produces an old Croatian expression to explain Zungul's personality. "He is like a bread with 10 crusts," Popovic says. "You must break through all of them to get to the soft part. With Zungul,

*continued*

On a hockey-rink-alized pitch, no one can score like Steve Zungul. Now the Arrows' star wants into the real game

by J.D. REED

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Its name was Andeker.

Andeker was made by the Pabst Brewing Company with the time and care that had been traditional to the brewing process for centuries. Its ingredients were chosen for their quality rather than their price. And the beer was aged for an extended period to bring its flavor to full maturity.

It was expensive to brew beer this way, and we were able to make Andeker only in limited quantities. But the small amount we produced soon found a loyal following, particularly in our home town of Milwaukee.

## Our commitment.

Soon after its introduction, Andeker became Milwaukee's best-selling special premium beer. And it still is today.

To us at Pabst, it has always seemed appropriate that Andeker would enjoy its greatest popularity in the city that knows beer best. But recently, we've noticed that people are asking for Andeker in places far removed from Milwaukee. We believe this growing interest is easily explained.

Over the past few decades, something happened to the brewing

industry in this country. As the costs involved in making beer went up, brewers looked for ways to bring them down. And many found the answer in less expensive ingredients and shorter brewing and ageing periods.

This solved the problem of reducing costs. But it also left beer drinkers looking for the quality that had been lost along the way.

During the years that these changes were taking place, Pabst's commitment to the integrity of Andeker never wavered. The Andeker we brew today is made with the same hops, the same barley malt, and the same care we used in 1939.

While domestic hops are plentiful and inexpensive, the hops we use to brew Andeker are the more costly Styrian Golding variety, grown in the centuries-old hopyards of Yugoslavia. These hops are prized by brewers throughout the world — particularly by the great brewers of Bavaria.

Although our brewery is located close to an abundant supply of the six-row barley commonly used in brewing, we make Andeker with the richer, more costly two-row barley that grows only in certain small areas of the western states.

And while science has provided ways to streamline the brewing process, we still follow tradition rather than expediency in making Andeker. We allow the beer to ferment twice, for greater smoothness. And we age it substantially longer than necessary, so it attains an unmatched mellowness.

## Leaving home.

As more people discover the difference between good beer and truly great beer, demand for Andeker will continue to grow. And the name that has been so familiar in the taverns and restaurants of Milwaukee for more than a generation will be seen more often, in more places.

But even though our production will increase, Andeker will continue to be the same fine beer it is today. Because our goal will always be what it was when we first made Andeker, more than four decades ago.

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I don't think anyone has done that."

One thing is certain: Zungul is the bread and butter of the 24-2 Arrows. In the MISL's brief existence, New York has been the dominant team. With Popovic's wily coaching and talent in depth provided by owner John Luciani's check-book—to the tune of \$2 million last season—the Arrows are clearly on their way to a third championship.

Back in 1978, when MISL began, indoor soccer resembled human pinball, a game of buzzers, flashing lights, disco music, galloping players and the ball rebounding haphazardly off the walls and around the turf. Now the league, each of whose 12 teams plays a 40-game schedule, is relatively solid financially, and the sport has lost its penny-arcade look. Indoor soccer has developed its own tactics, strategies, set plays and theory.

"It looks like hockey," says Popovic, "but the tactics are more like basketball. I search all the libraries I can for books on picks, zones and defenses. But I don't have to worry about a pivotman—that's Zungul."

One freezing evening in January, the Arrows were practicing as usual on a bldg ruin in a converted airplane hangar near suburban Nassau Coliseum, where the team draws an average of 7,227 to its home games. The pivotman and the rest of the Arrows were being run through a hard scrimmage by Popovic, though for Zungul a hard scrimmage is hardly an ordeal. Like Giorgio Chinaglia of the Cosmos, Zungul is a "pure" forward—he parks in front of the opponent's goal and waits to be fed. The mundane chores of indoor soccer, in which all five field players run themselves into a lather racing up to attack and back to defend, aren't for him. However, Zungul suffers from the occupational disease of all star strikers—bruised shins from double, even triple coverage.

Alone in the scoring zone, trying to make himself invisible, Zungul seems comfortable being at arm's length from everyone else. When the feed comes to him, he's ready and explosive. If the ball arrives too late or too early or goes to another player who fails to score, Zungul writes volumes with his hands, accusing teammates, showing where the ball should have gone, indicating what would have happened if it had been on target—all with a deadpan expression Chaplin would have admired.



When Zungul and a friend go to Elaine's in Manhattan, his Yugoslav connection serves them well.

There's a stir among the players in the hangar. The Man—Chinaglia himself—has arrived. Lately, Chinaglia has been practicing with the Arrows. He's wealthy now, what with his annual salary of nearly \$800,000 from the Cosmos and the bundle he has made in construction in New Jersey, and he's interested in buying an indoor team. But because he's also Chinaglia, indoor soccer is a game he wants to master. He gives a friendly hug to Popovic, a wave to the team. Alone at the far end of the field, Zungul, who makes almost \$150,000 a year from the Arrows, observes Chinaglia with an amused calm. Although they've never played against each other outdoors, each is well aware of the other's reputation.

Popovic delightedly blows his whistle, and a mini-game is under way. Chinaglia stays in the penalty area at the opposite end of the field from where Zungul has set up. Zungul, as usual, seems inattentive. Chinaglia gets the ball and slams a hard shot just wide of the goal. Seconds later Zungul, who had apparently been examining with great interest a pile of lumber just outside the rink, is steaming toward the other goal with the ball and puts away a swift score. He trots by Chinaglia as the teams set up. "Hey, George," he calls in Berlutz-perfected English, "take it easy, huh?" Chinaglia smiles and shakes his head.

After the workout, Chinaglia says, "Zungul is one of the top forwards in the world. That's well known in Europe.

He's a true star. He's almost perfect." This from the man who has bad-mouthed Beckenbauer, Cruyff, even Pelé.

Zungul is a remarkably private young man. On the field and off, he tends to wear the mask and, except for rare moments, assume an imperious air. Popovic may be right about the 10 Yugoslav cruas. When the Arrows repair to the Salty Dog restaurant across the street from the Coliseum after a game, Zungul usually doesn't sit at the communal table and drink wine with his teammates. He goes to what regulars call Zungul Corner, where in the shadows he accepts the court paid him by large numbers of young ladies. Says one girl, an unabashed Arrows groupie, "When Zungul first came around here nobody minded if he stayed in a corner. Yugoslavs must have water rationing at home. It takes them a while to learn about showers. But now we all wish he'd come out and join us."

Zungul doesn't live on Long Island's North Shore, where most of his teammates reside, but in an apartment on Manhattan's East Side, just a stone's throw from luxurious Sutton Place. He makes the scene at Regine's and other discos occasionally, but quietly. And he likes good food.

Elaine's is an Upper East Side restaurant where people Elaine likes—most of them well-known—can dine and drink in relative peace. Those she considers noentities are herded into the bar area, a thick wall away from her favorites. Nor-

continued

man Mailer can have a drink at Elaine's without getting challenged to fistfights, and Woody Allen's veal chop won't be elbowed by an autograph hound. Elaine's staff, at home with movie stars and Pulitzer Prize winners, ordinarily isn't fazed by anything short of a bomb scare.

But when Zungul comes in, the place goes bananas. The celebrity seekers in the bar can't figure out who the foreign-looking guy in the cowboy hat, warmup jacket, three-day beard and silk scarf might be, but the waiters have gone berserk. Howling greetings in Serbo-Croatian, they crash-land trays of food and drink and rub Zungul. Most of them are Yugoslavs, and to hell with Woody, Mia, Norman. Zungul is their star. The waiters crowd around him, patting his back, getting autographs for sons, asking after his goal production. Even Elaine smiles at their behavior. A huffy film producer glowers, trying to discover why his dinner isn't being served.

Zungul smiles faintly as he explains the situation to a friend: "Yugoslavs are very lucky in America. We always seem to have countrymen in the restaurant business."

Led to the best table and assured of the best veal piccata Elaine's can offer, Zungul sips a white wine spritzer, sighs and says, "A lot of people wonder about

my life. I used to go to discos all the time, that's true, but I don't much now. They're full of kids who smoke and drink too much." Zungul does none of the former and only a little of the latter.

"I have a lot of memories about Yugoslavia, but my home is New York now. I want a business or two and citizenship. And I want to get married, but not too soon." He eyes two young women dining in a corner. "I know the blonde. I think she's in a soap opera. I met her in Regine's once." Later, Zungul goes on to Xenon. He sits stony-faced in the disco, complaining that the girls aren't to his liking. Only when he's joined by his friend Andre Constantin, a Swiss who owns a Manhattan restaurant, does he begin to relax. But it's not until the next evening at Madison Square Garden, where a Gold Cup soccer game between Brazil and West Germany is being shown on closed-circuit TV, that Zungul comes alive, whistling, yelling, stomping. As a player he may be detached, but as a spectator he opens up, becoming Slavisa from Split, the All-Yugoslav boy.

Zungul grew up in a lower-middle-class family in the Dalmatian coastal city of Split, from which his father, a semi-retired army instructor, fishes the Adriatic on small commercial boats. "My only relaxation at home after I became a pro-

fessional was to go with a few friends into the mountains, hunting for wild boar and pheasant," he says. "We would drink wine and eat at mountain inns. They were the most relaxing times in my life. Now, when I drive to practice on Long Island, I see pheasants beside the road, but I have no time to hunt them."

At 11 Zungul was so good at soccer that a document was forged to give his age as 15 so he could play in youth tournaments. He would get up at midnight to fish with his father until five in the morning. Then he went to school where he learned auto mechanics. Afternoons and evenings were given to soccer and more soccer. "When I was 15, I ran away from home and school to be in a soccer match," he says. "I was gone a week. My family was furious. My mother locked me in my room and said no more soccer. But I climbed two stories down a rope and went to practice anyway. It's what I love."

That single-minded passion, that devotion to practice, paid off. At 17 Zungul was signed by the first-division Hajduk Split team. Yugoslavia is the only Eastern-bloc country that allows out-and-out pro soccer, and Zungul's earnings were soon enhancing his family's meager income. And the goals came in floods—250 of them in 350 games while leading Hajduk Split to three league championships in six years. When he was 24, France Football honored him as one of the six best forwards in Europe. As the leading scorer of the Yugoslav National Team, Zungul began to see Europe. And Europe began to see him. The world of top-rank soccer was impressed.

As the press discovered him, so did Zungul discover the press. "Those soccer magazines and papers in Europe knew where I slept in Paris, who I danced with in Rome and who I dated in Berlin," he says. "It made it a little hot in Yugoslavia." He became known as a "difficult" player, overly fond of women and fast cars, overly inclined to deliver emotional outbursts to the press.

In 1978 Zungul was due to report for 18 months of compulsory military service—a recent law exempts men over 26, so Zungul is now safe—and his girl friend, a Slovene nightclub singer named Momi Kovacic, was leaving for the U.S. It was time to split from Split.

That same year the Arrows had hired Popovic, whose interest in indoor soc-

continued



Zungul came here after Coach Popovic got Steve's Yugoslav club to let him play "exhibitions."



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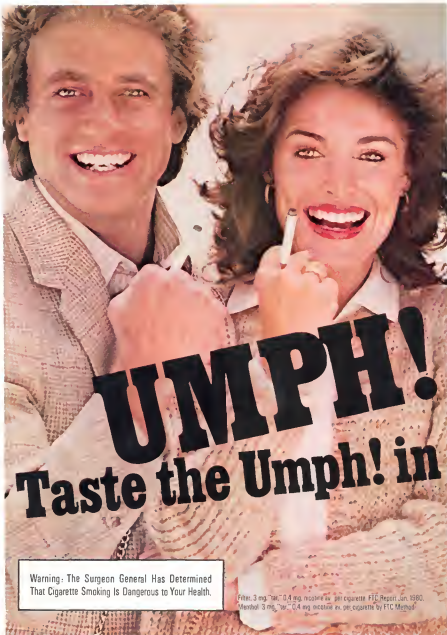


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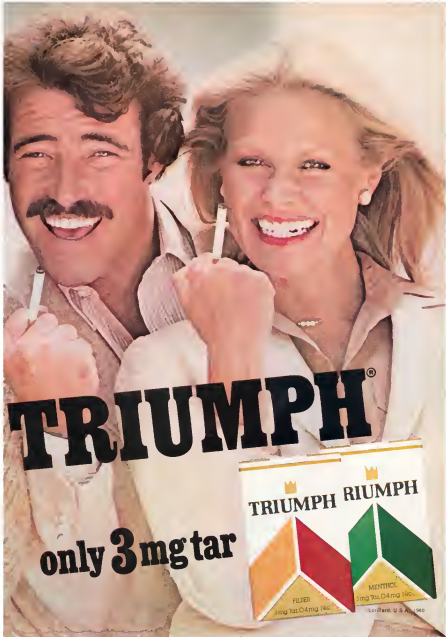


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cer, which for years Europeans had played informally during the off-season to stay in shape, and dreams of coaching it on an organized basis had led him to save press clips on players he thought suited to the game. The thickest file was Zungul's. Popovic had once played for Hajduk and knew the team's ownership; he persuaded the club that it wouldn't hurt if Zungul came to New York for a few indoor "exhibitions." "Europeans think indoor soccer is a practice game you play on a basketball court with no tackling and no rebounds," says Popovic. "I knew they wouldn't understand a whole professional league."

In that first season Zungul had 43 goals in just 18 games and was edged out of the scoring title by Philadelphia's Fred Grgurev—now an Arrows forward—who got 46 in 24 games. Zungul also shone in the playoffs, with 15 goals to Grgurev's four.

If he had not missed Arrow road games, Zungul almost certainly would have won the scoring crown that year. "Steve liked New York ... hell, he loved it," Arrow Goalkeeper Shep Messing says. "But he didn't believe that places like Buffalo and Pittsburgh really existed."

Another Zungul quirk also endeared him to Messing. "During the first season Steve asked me what was an acceptable demonstration in America after you'd scored a goal," says Messing. "I like that. The guy's a complete professional. I told him that America was wacky anyway, and as long as it wasn't X-rated, he could do what he wanted." Hence the ballet leaps Zungul performed in Buffalo.

Zungul could have gone home, but he stayed on in the Big Apple during the 1979 off-season, making a splash with the disco set. "He was getting Americanized," says Popovic. Indeed, soon after his arrival in the U.S. Zungul developed a passion for Olivia Newton-John and once skipped an Arrow game to go to a concert of hers in Los Angeles. When asked about the episode, Zungul smiles and says, "She is very beautiful and very magnetic. I was at a party where she was once, but I was too shy to talk to her. Look, I have fans. Why can't I be the fan of another person? It's the nature of things."

In his first season, Zungul was the league's MVP but lost out as playoff MVP to Messing, which still rankles him. "Can

you believe it?" he says. "I scored 15 goals and they give it to Shep? I cried like a baby then. Now I understand that MISL needed identity and Shep was better for that. But I hate to lose; I hate to be beaten at anything."

A bit more of the crust flakes away as he adds, "How I score goals I cannot tell you, it happens in a dream. It comes from God. But why is easy—I will not lose. It hurts me physically to be defeated."

Zungul generally pals around with fellow Yugoslavs—there are eight among the 20 members of the Arrows—and one can find them in their cowboy hats and disco boots lounging in an airport area two hours before departing on a road trip, munching Mr. Goodbars and talking their own language, pausing occasionally to translate proverbs like, "The chicken has not yet set on the eggs."

Zungul is especially close to 19-year-old Forward Branko Segota, a Yugoslav raised in Canada and one of the best North American-trained scorers in the game. In Zungul's view, the kid still has a lot to learn. "I was in Tampa recently," Zungul says, "and they have this slogan: 'Soccer Is a Kick in the Grass.' That's good P.R., but it's completely wrong. If you teach American kids that soccer is a funny good time, they won't learn the game. Watch the Americans in the pros. They play the game like John Wayne—good guys and bad guys. That's too simple. Cowboys don't score goals."

"The goal-getter must be a con man, a thief, a clown, a magician. And you must think hard about what you're doing. When the game is over, I tell Branko, it's not his body that should be tired, but his brain."

One circumstance has cast a shadow over Zungul's three years in the U.S.: he hasn't been able to play the outdoor game, "real" soccer, Hajduk Split, which had him under contract until last August, steadfastly declined to permit him to play outdoors here, and was upheld in this by FIFA, international soccer's ruling body. Because the North American Soccer League is FIFA-sanctioned and can't afford to defy the edict, Zungul has remained on the sidelines. Recently, however, a Federal Court judge held that the FIFA ruling unconstitutionally deprived Zungul of his right to earn a living in this country. Lawyers for all parties are trying to figure out just where that leaves them.

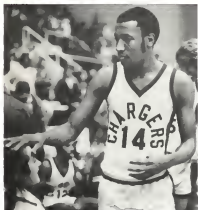


Zungul gets his kicks with model Valeria Lohr

"He's such a world-class talent, such a complete player, it's a shame we can't see him play outdoor soccer," says Messing. "It would be a rare treat." After a recent game in the Coliseum, Zungul was warmly embraced in the Arena Club by Gordon Jago, coach of the NASL's Tampa Bay Rowdies. "I've seen Zungul play in Yugoslavia," Jago said. "I hope we can solve the legal problems so that he can play outdoors for us. He's the Nureyev of soccer." Playing for Tampa Bay would add \$300,000 a year to Zungul's bank account.

"I will play in Tampa on the grass," says Zungul. "I will not be beaten out of it. But for now I must concentrate on goals, goals, goals." He should have well over 100 of them, far surpassing his own record of 90, by season's end in March—a crusty enough accomplishment even for Zungul.

END



## Pride of the Panama pipeline

*Imported players like Rolando Frazer have made Briar Cliff an NAIA power*

The four-piece band at the Sioux City Hilton was singing, "We're gon' to Kansas City, Kansas City here we come" not long ago, and for a very good reason. Every year the NAIA holds its championship tournament in Kansas City, and Sioux City's tiny Briar Cliff College had already thumped the team that denied it a chance to go last season. An even better reason for the high hopes is Rolando Frazer, a lissome 6' 7" senior forward from Panama City whose 32.1-point av-

erage leads the NAIA in scoring and whose 36.4-point mark last season was tops for all college players. Frazer is the best of 11 Panamanians to find their way to Briar Cliff since 1974. No wonder pro scouts are finding their way to the Sioux City Auditorium.

"The word is out that this kid should be seen," said the '76ers' Bob Lukstra after watching a fairly typical Frazer half against Grand View College, the team that kept Briar Cliff out of Kansas City last season. The circumstances weren't typical, however. Despite having the flu, Frazer not only started the game but also started it with a bang—a slam dunk—twice scored 10 straight Briar Cliff points and cast a spell on the crowd that bewitched the officials' whistles when he flagrantly goaltended a Grand View shot.

"I guess they're surprised I go so high, so they don't call it," Frazer said later in his heavily accented English. With 27 points on 12-for-15 shooting (he's a career 61.5% shooter) and Briar Cliff up 46-27, Frazer left the court at halftime and vomited. So much for the idea that Panamanian athletes can't perform with weak stomachs. Then in the second half he picked up 17 more points as the Chargers coasted, 94-73.

Frazer isn't one of those body-by-Fisher, mind-by-Mattel attitude cases who tend to appear on small-college top-10-scorers lists. He's aware that weaknesses in his defense and foul-shooting (64.7% this year) may keep him from becoming a first-round pro draft pick.

Some scouts are also skeptical about the strength of the teams against whom Frazer has run up his scoring totals. But with international experience against a Soviet national team and in the Pan Am Games, a durable, 205-pound body and a more team-oriented playing style this season than last, he's making a good case for himself.

That Frazer stands out on the court isn't actually so surprising; he comes from an athletic family. His brother Alfonso was the world junior welterweight boxing champion in 1972. A sister, Julie, was on Panama's national women's basketball team, while Rolando was on the men's. Another brother, Enrique, was the family's best basketball player, says Rolando, until he defied doctor's orders and played with a dunk-induced shoulder separation. The aggravated injury ended Enrique's career.

Rolando's anticipation and ball-handling ability—essentials for a small forward or big guard in the pros—are impressive for someone who has been playing ball only since ninth grade, as is his favorite two-handed backspin bank shot after taking a pass in the post and wheeling to face the basket. He was a soccer player as a ninth-grader, but his size—he was 6' 5" then—attracted a covetous coach named Cecilio Williams. Coincidentally, it was also about this time that Briar Cliff's Panamanian pipeline began to operate.

"Eight years ago we played Doane College in Nebraska and they had three starters from Panama," says Coach Ray Naeke. "They blocked three of our first five shots. Our trainer was from Peru and spoke Spanish, so I asked him to find out how those guys got up here." The pump in Panama City turned out to be manned by Williams, a former coach of the national team. He and Naeke began corresponding, and Briar Cliff's first Panamanian, Eddie Warren, arrived three years later. Over the years Cecilio has sent players to nine other schools in the States.

Frazer had no plans to go to college after leaving Panama City's Professional High School. "I studied accounting and could have started a good job right away," he says. "But Tito and Mario [two former players from Panama] helped me decide to come to Briar Cliff. After I met Pete Noonan [a current student], I decided to stay."

Noonan, a Sioux City native, has been Frazer's roommate since they were freshmen, and his family has eased Frazer's adaptation to life in Middle America. Er-

*continued*

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nesto (Tito) Malcolm and Mario Butler are other former Briar Cliff Panamanians and NBA draft picks who, like Warren, didn't make the pros. Frazer started with Warren, Malcolm, Butler and current Charger Guard Reggie Grenal on Panama's 1979 Pan Am Games team, which lost to the U.S., the eventual champions, 88-83. Frazer, with 19 points, was the game's leading scorer.

"In Panama they play a different style," says Frazer. "They don't believe in open jump shots. It's penetration. Here you play more disciplined, run the plays, work for shots." Only boxing is more popular than basketball in Panama, and both Frazer's parents work for Roberto Duran's manager, Carlos Elieta. Frazer's father, Alfonso, has been Elieta's chauffeur for 30 years, and his mother, Marion, is a supervisor in Elieta's cigarette factory.

"I like America, the new things, the big buildings, the big businesses," says Frazer. "But you can't live here in Sioux City. It's too cold. It's a good place to study, though. It's so cold you have to study." He has a B average as a business major at the Franciscan school, which was founded by nuns during the Depression to educate women. The college first began admitting men in 1966, and in the last five seasons Briar Cliff (currently 14-2) has gone 126-33 and seen its enrollment (now 1,272) soar by 39%. School officials say the two upswings aren't coincidental.

Briar Cliff's two fiercest rivals—Morningside College, also in Sioux City, and Northwestern College, of Orange City, Iowa—haven't taken the Chargers' success gracefully. Northwestern fans have shown up at Briar Cliff games in loose-fitting plantation clothing and straw hats, wielding flyswatters, and in December several Morningside students threw a banana and a fish onto the court as cuts at Briar Cliff's Panamanian and Catholic connections. "It just makes me play harder, want to beat them more," says Frazer.

He finds a more convivial atmosphere at the home of a local Panamanian woman who treated all the Briar Cliff Panamanians to a chicken-and-rice dinner on New Year's Eve. In his dorm he'll strike a pose as incongruous as it is languorous, listening to salsa in a DOWNTOWN PONCA, NEBRASKA—WHERE IT'S AT T-shirt.

Frazer wants to work in the U.S. as a resident alien after graduation, and cites

Dallas and Miami as cities with agreeable climates. "I like business because a businessman sits by air conditioning at a big desk," he says. "That's what I want to do—sit at a big desk and be my own boss." That is, if certain other vocational plans—which would take him to the NBA or to a European pro team—fall through. But for now, Frazer and his team have another destination in mind. Hit it, Wilbert. "I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come . . ."

## THE WEEK

(January 19-25)

by HERM WEISKOPF

**MIDEAST** Coaches whose teams have lost to Louisiana State this season have often complained about their lackluster offense. LSU Coach Dale Brown, on the other hand, prefers to think the Tigers' tenacious defense has been the difference. Consider the comments after LSU took a two-game lead in the Southeastern Conference with an 81-67 home-court victory over Kentucky. "We're obviously in a terrible slump," Wildcat Coach Joe Hall complained. "I think our switching defenses was the key," Brown insisted. One fact was clear to both: Tiger sixth man Willie Sims had been a big factor. Sims, who entered the lineup after eight minutes of play, quickly tossed in 10 points to propel the Tigers from two points down to a 38-25 halftime lead. When it was all over, he had 22 points. Hoping to avoid letdowns against Auburn and Tennessee, Brown told his Tigers to "pretend we're the underdog all the time." With Howard Carter successful on 23 of 31 field-goal attempts and scoring 54 points, LSU beat Auburn 74-64 and the Vols 80-63. Ethan Martin, the SEC's light-fingered Louie, had five steals against Tennessee while helping the Tigers hold an opponent below 70 points for the 11th consecutive game.

Kentucky handed Florida its worst regular-season loss ever, 102-48, and defeated Vanderbilt 78-64. The Gators regrouped to stun Alabama 97-91 as Vernon Delancy, one of four freshman starters, slammed in five dunks on his way to 38 points.

"It's a screwy league," said Michigan State Coach Jud Heathcote of the Big Ten. The Spartans added to the confusion with a 74-68 victory at Purdue as Kevin Smith scored 26 of his 28 points in the second half. At the week's end the Boilermakers were tied for first with Indiana, Iowa and Ohio State.

Indiana and Iowa also lost home games. The Hoosiers fell to the Hawkeyes 56-53, a

29-24 lead slipping away when they were outscored 10-1 at the start of the second half. However, Iowa didn't go as far as to stay until Kenny Arnold, operating out of the four corners offense, hit a short jumper from the lane to snap a 46-46 deadlock with 3:19 remaining. Shortly before Indiana won 93-56 at Northwestern, the Hawkeyes were jarred 60-48 at home by Minnesota. The Gophers' 7'2" Randy Breuer sunk eight of nine field-goal tries and helped limit 6'10" Steve Kraf-cus and 6'11" Steve Wate to one point apiece. Earlier, Minnesota had lost 76-63 at home—where else?—to Ohio State. Before playing at home against Michigan, Coach Eldon Miller told his Buckeyes, "Everybody says you are an up and down team. Now it's time for you to go up and stay up." That they did, rallying from four points back with 9:21 left, playing with uncommon intensity and winning 69-63. Herb Williams finished with 23 points, nine rebounds and three of Ohio State's nine blocks.

The loss dropped the Wolverines a game off the league lead, even though they did win at home, 80-76 over Illinois in double overtime after blowing a 12-point margin. A novel five-point play helped the Illini get back into that game. It began when, after a Michigan foul, Illinois was given the ball out of bounds because the official scorer didn't realize the visitors were in a bonus free-throw situation. Before the error was caught, Mark Smith of the Illini sank a basket and was fouled. To rectify matters, the refs let Perry Range take the one-and-one he should have been granted earlier. Range made both shots and Smith added his free throw to conclude the five-pointer. Johnny Johnson led Michigan with 31 points.

Freshman Tom Sluby of Notre Dame sank three foul shots in the last 21 seconds to beat Fordham 67-61. In another tight game, the Irish averaged an earlier loss to San Francisco, 80-75. John Paxson put Notre Dame in front to stay with a 21-foot shot with six seconds left and finished with 22 points.

South Alabama's victory streak ended at 14 in an 86-70 loss to Virginia Commonwealth as the Rams' Edmund Sherod scored 26 points and Danny Kotsak 23. The Jaguars then barely held off McNeese State on the road, stalling for most of the last eight minutes of a 64-60 triumph. USA's Herb Andrew and Scott Williams sank nine straight foul shots down the stretch.

**WEST** The time: 22 seconds left. The place: Seattle. The score: Washington 85, undefeated Oregon State 81. Those were the circumstances as the Beavers' Rob Holbrook took a pass from Les Conner and tossed in a 12-foot jumper. After the Huskies brought the ball inbounds, Oregon State's Ray Blume forced a jump ball. The Beavers gained possession after the tip, Conner missed a shot, Steve Johnson rebounded it and scored with

continued

# BEFORE



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## COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

two seconds left to force an overtime. Although Washington had the lead most of the way, including a 44-34 advantage at halftime, Oregon State prevailed 97-91. Johnson began the extra period with a three-point play and added another basket, giving him 38 for the game—30 for the second half.

Seven-foot Alton Lister was sidelined because of strained knee ligaments, but Arizona State nonetheless outbounded Arizona 52-35 and breezed to an 83-65 triumph. Leading the way for the Sun Devils was Byron Scott, who had 21 points.

To get more height in his lineup, UCLA Coach Larry Brown gave 7'2½" Mark Eaton more playing time than usual as the Bruins beat Stanford 85-58 and California 75-61. When Eaton teamed up with speedsters like forwards Tony Anderson and Darren Daye and guards Rod Foster and Michael Holton, UCLA decisively took command.

San Jose State was the PCAA's only unbeaten team after it won two road games—49-43 at Cal State-Fullerton and 57-56 in overtime at UC Santa Barbara. UC Irvine, which leads the nation with a 91.3 scoring average, won 88-72 at Pacific and then lost 64-51 at Fresno State.

Wyoming blew a big chance to take charge of the WAC when it lost road games at Utah 55-53 and Brigham Young 84-70. Wyoming Guard Charles Bradley, the most promising pro prospect in the WAC, scored 41 points in the losses. But it was BYU's Danny Ainge who became the WAC's all-time leading scorer. By scoring 31 points against the Cowboys and 22 in a 66-46 romp over Colorado State, Ainge increased his career total to 2,159 points. Utah also whopped Colorado State, 86-56.

Montana State's 68-59 defeat of Idaho left both teams tied for the No. 1 position in the Big Sky. In earlier contests, Montana State beat Boise State 96-70 and Idaho won 47-44 in overtime at Montana.

**MIDWEST** "I don't know what they have to do to make people believe," said Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman after a 90-83 loss to much-overlooked Oklahoma State. The Cowboys convinced Hartman by scoring more points against his team than any visitor has in his 11 seasons with the Wildcats. It was also the first victory in a decade at Manhattan, Kans. for quick, aggressive, shoot-'em-up Oklahoma State, which was fourth nationally in scoring with an 85.2 average. Guard Matt Clark paced the Cowboys with 18 points, eight rebounds and six assists. Oklahoma State, picked to finish last in the Big Eight, then returned home to knock off Iowa State, thereby remaining tied with Kansas for first place. The Jayhawks were also led by an outstanding guard in its 63-55 defeat of Missouri, Darnell Valentine getting 15 points, six steals and four assists. Kansas subsequent-

## SI TOP 20

1. OREGON STATE (15-0) 1\*
2. VIRGINIA (16-0) 3
3. DePAUL (16-1) 2
4. LOUISIANA ST. (17-1) 4
5. ARIZONA ST. (14-2) 6
6. WAKE FOREST (15-1) 5
7. KENTUCKY (13-3) 6
8. UCLA (11-3) 9
9. TENNESSEE (13-3) 7
10. NOTRE DAME (12-3) 12
11. UTAH (17-1) 13
12. MARYLAND (13-4) 11
13. IOWA (12-3) 10
14. BYU (15-3) 17
15. N. CAROLINA (14-4) 20
16. S. ALABAMA (16-2) 14
17. KANSAS (14-2) —
18. MICHIGAN (12-3) 18
19. OKLAHOMA ST. (14-2) —
20. WICHITA ST. (14-2) —

\* Last week

ly beat Colorado 66-59 for its 10th consecutive victory.

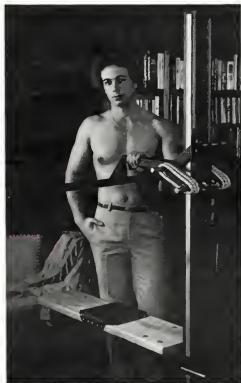
"You just die a thousand deaths," said Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson, who was a casket case during a vital 77-72 Missouri Valley Conference win at Creighton. Tony Martin kept the Shockers—and Smithson—alive by pumping in seven of his 22 points in the last 1:37. Two nights later, Smithson's son Randy sank two free throws with nine seconds left to finish off Drake 89-88. Until then, Cliff Levingston had kept Wichita State in contention with 28 points and 18 rebounds. For naught were 43 points by Lewis Lloyd of the Bulldogs. Lloyd had two other big games, scoring 28 points as Drake edged Creighton 71-70 and 33 in a 91-90 loss at Indiana State. Drake, 10-6, has lost five times by two points or less. Bradley retained its half-game lead over Wichita State by defeating Tulsa 70-63 and Southern Illinois 58-47.

Baylor beat Texas Tech 69-61 and lost 75-70 at Texas, but held on to first in the Southwest Conference. LaSalle Thompson, a 6'10" center, had 15 rebounds, scored 26 points and helped give the Longhorns a 20-point lead at 55-35.

After beating Louisville 60-55 in overtime, Memphis State Coach Dana Kirk praised his wife Ann for some effective scouting. "She watched them on TV the other day and told me they 'bunch up,'" he explained. "She told me not to let them do that around the basket and to keep them off the boards. It worked, didn't it?" Sure did. The Cardinals missed all 10 of their field-goal attempts in the extra period and shot only 39.3% overall against the Tigers' assorted zones.

continued

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**EAST** Unlike most highly regarded teams, DePaul plays a lollipop schedule—only one present Top 20 opponent so far. The Blue Demons' response has been massive ennuis and lackluster performances. Last week, when it was time for his team to leave its hotel to play LaSalle in Philadelphia's Palestra, Coach Ray Meyer had a hard time prying his players away from watching the Notre Dame-Maryland game on TV. It wasn't until the second half of their own game, which began with DePaul ahead 29-28, that the Demons got going. Mark Aguirre, the team's mood-setter, put on one of his virtuoso efforts by scoring 23 of his 35 points in the final 20 minutes as DePaul won 69-62.

Even though Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell performed some of his nonpareil sideline routines, including flashing his signs at Notre Dame foul shooters, the Irish were 73-70 winners. The Terps, who led 41-38 at halftime, lost largely because they were outrebounded 21-9 in the second half and because of the defensive work of Orlando Woolridge. Albert King of the Terps, who had 14 points in the first half against assorted Notre Dame defenders, got only four in the final 20 minutes with Woolridge guarding him.

Then, too, there was the towel, the one superstitious Kelly Tripucka of the Irish wipes

his hands with before taking foul shots. Tripucka's failure to adhere to his ritual was, he felt, the reason he missed his first free throw of the afternoon. "After that I used the towel," said Tripucka, who converted 11 of his next 12 tries. Tripucka capped off a 25-point performance by making both ends of three one-and-one situations in the last 1:53.

Wake Forest's 14-game winning streak, which had been built around sizzling 53.9% field-goal accuracy, ended in a 74-60 defeat by visiting North Carolina. The Tar Heels' array of zone defenses held the Deacons to 38.5% shooting. North Carolina got 25 points and 17 rebounds from Al Wood and effectively used its newest lead-protecting tactic—a weaving delay game. Both teams rattled the nets the next time out, Wood scoring 24 points in 27 minutes as the Tar Heels beat Georgia Tech 100-60 and Wake Forest clobbering North Carolina-Asheville 99-68.

It looked like a white-knuckler all the way when Virginia and Clemson were deadlocked at 51-all midway through the second half. But the Tigers suddenly went cold, missing nine of their last 10 shots, and lost to the visiting Cavaliers 74-59. Jeff Lamp scored 25 points for Virginia, and Ralph Sampson had 17 points and 13 rebounds. Back home, Virginia handed George Washington an 86-56 setback and,

on Sunday, defeated Ohio State 89-73 as Sampson scored a career-high 40 points and grabbed 16 rebounds.

Syracuse overcame a 39-29 halftime deficit to defeat St. John's 79-71 before the largest on-campus crowd ever to see a basketball game. The throng of 23,913 in the Orange-

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**ANNETTE KENNEDY:** The 5' 5" SUNY-Purchase guard broke the women's single-game college scoring record, getting 70 points in a 116-21 rout of Pratt. The old record of 60 was set by Pearl Moore of Francis Marion in 1978.

men's Carrier Dome surpassed by 124 the crowd that saw Indiana play at Kentucky in 1979. In other Big East action, Connecticut lost at Villanova 63-59 and beat Georgetown 75-73 in overtime.

West Virginia and St. Joseph's continued to win. After beating Penn State 55-52, and Eastern Eight rival St. Bonaventure 85-69, the Mountaineers' record was 13-3 overall and 6-0 in the league. The Hawks beat Delaware 67-56 and North Carolina at Charlotte 72-65 to run their record to 13-2.



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## Oh brother, it's you again

When No. 1 Texas did battle with No. 4 Florida, it was a notational Civil War, with Eddie and Randy Reese, siblings and coaches, leading their respective troops

Betty Reese sat high up in the packed stands at O'Connell Center in Gainesville, Fla. last Saturday night as No. 4-ranked Florida prepared to face top-ranked Texas in the teams' Civil War of swimming. She held allegiance to both sides, but more than that, she held allegiance to her sons: Coach Randy Reese of Florida, who had guided the Gators to victory in last year's war, and Coach Eddie Reese of Texas, who as coach at Auburn had given his brother's Gators their last dual meet defeat in 1978. "They're good boys," Betty said. "They never fought as kids."

Or as adults, either, at least not seriously. But the dry Reese humor does provoke some skirmishing. On the eve of the meet, with Texas scheduled to show up for a last-minute workout, 34-year-old Randy was asked, "Will you wait here to see your brother tonight?" "No," he said, "but I'll drop by early to dump a load of chlorine in the pool." The next day, Eddie, 39, who, unlike Randy, is quick with a grin, gestured across the pool toward "that nasty-lookin' little fellow with the mustache over there."

Then the brothers sent out their proxies to do battle. The Texas 400-yard-medley relay team all but blew the Gators into Alabama, winning in 3:22.64. But then the home-pool hero, Craig Beardsley, the world-record holder in the 200-meter butterfly (1:58.21), swam a 9:09.29 in the 1,000-yard freestyle, helping Florida even things up. Despite his win, Beardsley knew he wasn't in line for a medal from his coach. "I totally respect Randy," he said. "But he does have awfully high standards. I think he might have said 'Good swim' to me six times in the more than two years I've been swimming for him."

By the 50 free, the fourth event, Flor-

ida had opened up a gap of six points (20-14) when the Gators' Rob Ramirez (20:52) outouched Kris Kirchner of Texas by .04. Muscles such as Ramirez has are important in the 50; so are very long fingernails. In the stands, Ramirez' father, Gil, was saying proudly, "Randy Reese instilled character in my boy. Rob was 10 minutes late for one practice last year, and he got benched for the meet with Auburn."

In the 200 IM, Texas' Scott Spann outswam three Floridians, and Texas trailed by only five points, 19-24. Spann's father, Don, was equally loud in his praise for a Reese. "Eddie will challenge Scott to achieve certain times in his workouts," Don said, "and he'll get results. But he knows that practice can get tedious. When it does, he might bet one of the

boys a milkshake he can outslide him in the pool, or that he can beat him in a race in which they tie a leg behind their backs. He's the master at that sort of thing."

Spann, a senior from Greenville, S.C., attended Auburn in 1978, when Eddie was still the War Eagles' coach. As Reese says, "Scott followed me to Texas, despite my begging him to stay."

"No," Spann says, "I came to Texas, and he followed me."

Such low junks are almost as important to Texas' success as "innovations," the most important word in the coaching lexicon of both Reeses. This year Eddie has been holding workouts in a pool shortened from 25 to 16½ yards. "We swim the same total distances as before," he says, "so our swimmers make more turns, and because you move faster in a turn, you learn to handle a faster pace. I did it first, but it was Randy's idea."

"I'm sure many coaches have done it," says Randy, "though not as much as we have, and I think it's one of the most important developments in swimming. What else can we do?"

Plenty, as it turns out. Neither Reese is bound by convention when it comes

Betty Reese knew she was backing a winner in longhorn son Eddie (left) or Gator son Randy





Craig Beardsley won the 200 fly (above) and 1,000 free and got the Gators points in the 500

to training his swimmers. Eddie thought up something he calls a "body scooter," sort of a belly board on wheels, but says, "Randy took it a step further," and a contraption called "wheels" was born. It consists of two six-inch lawnmower wheels joined by a padded, 16-inch-long two-by-four on which one lies. Knowing when his brother has a good idea, Eddie now has his swimmers huffing up the ramps of the football stadium on "wheels," using a sort of butterfly stroke. "But you can't bring your hands around," Eddie warns, "or your face smashes into the cement."

The Florida swimmers haven't used "wheels" this year; instead Randy figures three hours a week with heavy weights and low repetitions is stressful enough. That's in addition to 18 hours a week in the pool. And Randy no longer anchors 18-foot lengths of surgical tubing to the starting blocks and then ties the tubing to his swimmers' waists, though Eddie still does. "It stretches out to 75 feet," Eddie says, "and it gets progressively harder to swim. But when you turn to go back, whoosh! You get used to moving your arms awfully fast."

Randy says, "I've thought of building a one-line tank and filling it with baby oil. Can you imagine what swimming in that would be like? Or maybe I could fill it with a liquid less dense than water, like gasoline, but safer. You'd have to work awfully hard to keep from sinking." Most teams have at least one character, but he usually isn't the coach.

As the Texas-Florida meet progressed, Eddie reflected on the women's meet earlier in the day. He'd sat in the stands as a spectator, unlike Randy, he coaches only male swimmers. Randy, in fact, is the only coach of a Top 10 men's team who also coaches a ranked women's squad. Eddie had cheered as loudly as

any Texas swimmer on hand. "It's supposed to be fun, isn't it?" he'd said. When Texas' Jill Sterkel, a gold medalist in the Montreal Olympics, beat Florida's anchor woman by two seconds in the last leg of the 400-yard freestyle relay, Eddie had said, "She can swim for the men tonight."

As that relay, the last women's event, began, the score was 54-52 Texas; seven points would go to the winner of the relay, none to the loser. The crowd was going fairly bananas. In five years under Randy, the Florida women had been undefeated in 37 dual meets.

The Lady Gators' Amy Caulkins, Tracy's older but less celebrated sister, led by a yard at the end of her leg. Earlier she'd said, "I've learned that my successes can be just as important to me as Tracy's are to her, and if I don't finish first, well, then I don't finish first." In the second leg, Andrea Cross extended Florida's lead to a full body length; the No. 3 swimmer, Eileen O'Brien, maintained it. A 38th consecutive dual meet victory for the Florida women was only 100 yards away as the third Texas woman stroked desperately for the bulkhead where Sterkel waited, seemingly ready to snort flames. Twenty-five yards into her leg, Sterkel had erased the Longhorns' deficit. Florida's streak was over.

Eddie was dead right about wanting to have Sterkel swim with the men. The Longhorns could've used her. The Texas men were trailing 23-29 after Beardsley won his second race of the evening, in the 200 butterfly. When Florida's David Larson beat Kirchner in the 100 free, the score was 43-27 with only five events left. But it wasn't Alamo-time quite yet. Cocky Clay Britt could turn the tide in the 200 backstroke, the next event, and he fully intended to do just that.

"When did you start competing, Clay?"

"At seven."

"When did you know you really had it?"

"At seven."

Britt won to pull the Longhorns to within 13 points of the Gators. But when the swimmers were called to the blocks for the 500 free, Beardsley was one of the Gators to answer the call. There's no more difficult triple in swimming—the 1,000 and 500 free and the 200 fly, but Beardsley was going to give it a whirl. He led after 150 yards, but obviously tiring, fell back. At 250 yards he was nearly three lengths behind the third-place man, then, astonishingly, he rallied to take third. "I know why Randy loves Craig," a spectator said. "For the same reason he loves those plants he puts all around his pool. They're not human, and neither is Craig."

Andy Schmidt of Texas had won the 500, but Beardsley's teammate, John Hillecamp, was second. Florida now led 50-38. Victories in the 200 breaststroke and the 400 freestyle relay would keep alive Texas' dream of retaining its No. 1 ranking. But Florida's divers dashed even those hopes, with a one-two finish, good for eight points. The final score: Florida 69, Texas 44. Randy Reese had won this round of the Civil War and his men's team had stretched its winning streak to 25 dual meets.

No one seemed more happy about it than Craig Beardsley. "I really love beating Texas," he said. "I wouldn't even care if they were ranked No. 5 or 6. I do have respect for Eddie Reese though. Sometimes I think of what it would be like if the Reese brothers could coach a combined team. It would be unbeatable."

Earlier, Betty Reese had said, "They both belong to me, so all I'm saying is, 'May the best man win!'"

Now she was asked, "Did the best man win?"

"Of course," she said. "And he lost, too."

END

For the briefest of moments last Saturday night, Mike Bossy was tempted to pull a Quebecois version of Roberto Duran. *Ne plus, tant pis!* Bossy's Islanders and the Nordiques still had one period to play, 20 minutes, but Bossy, the NHL's incredible goal-scoring machine, thought the chase was over. "I'd never been as frustrated as I was after the first two periods," he said later. "I didn't know what to do anymore. My stomach was twisted in knots. I was hurting. For a second I thought, 'Maybe I should just stay in the locker room and forget about it.'"

Bossy had come into the game at Nassau Coliseum needing two goals to become the second player in league history to score 50 in 50 games. Only Maurice Richard, the Montreal Canadiens' Rocket, had done that—in 1944-45, when an NHL schedule consisted of only 50 games. Since then the season has gradually been extended to its present 80 games, and since then no fewer than

23 other players have scored 50 or more goals. The NHL record book includes no Roger Maris-style asterisks—a season is a season is a season—so discussion of Richard's feat receded as year after year went by.

But Bossy, a Montrealer who grew up reading about the Richard legend, changed all that. Before this season, Bossy confided to friends that the 50-50 double was the feat he most wanted to accomplish. And as he drew near—34 goals in 35 games, 40 in 41—he went public. "Rocket's record is what I'm aiming for," Bossy said, almost matter-of-fact in his declaration. Two weeks ago Bossy scored seven goals in two games—four against Pittsburgh, three against Washington—and suddenly he had 48 goals in 47 games. And he had the spotlight.

*With time awasting, Mike Bossy scored the goal that tied the Rocket's mark*

More than 20 reporters flew into New York early last week to begin the Bossy Watch. The Islanders offered to pay all of Richard's expenses if the Rocket would join the vigil. He declined, but he did wish Bossy luck. "I told the Canadians to draft Bossy four years ago, when he was finishing his junior career with Laval," said Richard, now 59, who had regularly watched Bossy play in various amateur programs around Montreal.

In Game 48 Tuesday night, the Islanders whipped Calgary 5-0, but Bossy failed to get a goal. The Flames, in fact, seemed more obsessed with keeping Bossy off the score sheet than winning the game. Left Wing Eric Vail, who stands 6'2" and weighs 210 pounds, shadowed the 6-foot, 186-pound Bossy for most of the 24 minutes he was on the ice; Vail showed no interest in the puck, possessing it, shooting it. He only had eyes for Bossy. Even when the Islanders piled it on during the third period, the Flames remained preoccupied with shutting out Bossy.

After the game, the other Islanders sneered at Calgary's tactics. "I hope I'm wrong," said Denis Potvin, "but it looked like stopping Mike was more important to them than a win. They were like a team that's losing 7-0 and pulls its goalie to try and spoil the other team's shut-out, just for spite."

So it was on to Detroit for Game 49 on Thursday night, Bossy's 24th birthday. The Red Wings, who played things a little straighter than the Flames had, assigned speedy Forward Paul Woods, their best checker, to follow Bossy around the ice. The Islanders led 2-0 late in the third period when Bossy and linemate Clark Gillies broke down-ice two-on-one against Defenseman John Barrett. Instead of playing to break up a cross-ice pass to Bossy, the normal procedure, Barrett simply followed Bossy and ignored Gillies, who took the shot but failed to put the puck into the net. "I think Barrett would have followed me to the bench if I'd gone there," Bossy said, shaking his head.

Later, Bossy proved that even the best of shooters can miss an empty net. Twice.

## It was a 50-50 proposition



Bossy's record-tying score was this low wrist shot that flew between Goalie Ron Grahame's legs

With Detroit Goaltender Larry Lozinski on the bench for an extra skater, Bossy on two occasions found himself in center ice with the puck on his stick. The first time he took aim from 70 feet but faded his shot to the right of the empty net. The second time he wound up from 80 feet but hooked the puck to the left. "I should have given Mike my glasses," said Islander Coach Al Arbour.

Bossy wasn't all that discouraged, however. "There's still one game left," he said. "If I don't break the Rocket's record, I'm not going to jump off the George Washington Bridge. The sun will still come up the next morning."

On Saturday, a sunny day on Long Island, Bossy got up and made hot cereal for his 16-month-old daughter, Josiane, went back to sleep and then got up in time to watch a cable telecast of that afternoon's Kings-Bruins game in Boston. His eyes were trained on Charlie Simmer, the L.A. left wing who had scored 46 goals in 49 games and could beat Bossy to the Rocket's record. Unlike Bossy, Simmer rarely talked of the 50-50 double. "I'd love to do it, sure," he said, "but I'm not obsessed by it. It's amazing to me the way Mike puts pressure on himself. I don't enjoy that."

Simmer didn't put a single shot on Boston Goaltender Jim Craig during the first 37 minutes but then scored goal No. 47 on a Kings power play. Like the great majority of Simmer's goals, this one was a chip shot from the edge of the crease. So, too, was his second goal—No. 48—against Craig early in the third period. "I really didn't think he'd get four goals when I tuned in," Bossy said, "but then I began to wonder."

As it turned out, Simmer scored one more goal—No. 49—with a second to play in the game, depositing the puck in an empty net after the Bruins had yanked Craig for an extra attacker. "I'm disappointed I came so close and didn't make it," Simmer said, "but getting 50 in 50 games had never been uppermost in my mind. If Mike can do it, more power to him."

For two periods Saturday night, though, Bossy played, in his own word, "terrible." Arbour gave him extra ice time, and Islander teammates spent more time looking to set him up than they did



Once a 50-50 clubber, Bossy did another number

worrying about the Nordiques. The result: zilch. Not even one shot by Bossy on Quebec Goaltender Ron Grahame.

"I wasn't doing anything right," Bossy said. "It was like my hands were taped together. I was thinking I wasn't going to get it, not even a shot. I had the feeling I was never going to score again. And the thing is, I was the one who had made such a big thing out of this. I was so afraid of coming back in the room after the game without the record. I would've been embarrassed. But then I realized that the biggest thing was not to give anyone the satisfaction of saying I didn't try."

That bit of soul-searching behind him, Bossy returned to the ice for the final period. And he began to regain the spontaneity that distinguishes his game: the dash, the verve, the on-his-feet intelligence. Suddenly he was moving freely without the puck, circling, looking for holes. He sprayed a flurry of shots at Grahame during his first three shifts. "He was so determined," said Islander Right Wing Bob Nystrom.

Still, Bossy hadn't scored as the clock ticked down to the final five minutes. "Every time I came back to the bench," he said, "the guys would tell me not to

worry, that there was plenty of time, that I could do it."

Five minutes and 15 seconds remained when he came out for the Islanders' seventh power play. Earlier, Bossy, who'd scored 21 power-play goals this season, had spent better than eight minutes on the ice during power plays but came away with nothing. Now, Bryan Trotter, behind the Quebec net, sent the puck along the boards to Defenseman Stefan Persson. Persson spotted Bossy, snapped him a pass—and Bossy, cutting in front of the net, whipped a backhand shot past Grahame for No. 49.

"I'd just about given up," said Bossy, "but when I got that one, I was only beginning."

Bossy's goal gave the Islanders a 5-4 lead, and now he, his teammates and all 15,000 spectators in the Coliseum were of one mind: empty net. "When we came down the ice after that," Bossy said, "I was thinking, 'Don't score, guys.' " His teammates felt the same way. "We just didn't know what to do," said Potvin.

After a minute on the bench, a 20-second shift and another minute on the bench, Bossy returned with 1:50 to play. As the Islanders brought the puck into the Nordiques' zone, Bossy swerved for the left lane. Quebec Defenseman Dave Pichette tried to clear the puck, but New York's John Tonelli deflected it to Trotter near the right boards. Bossy, alone in the left circle, hollered.

"I don't think Bryan saw me," Bossy said.

"I saw him," said Trotter.

A moment later, the puck was on Bossy's stick. At that same moment, he fired a wrist shot. The puck screamed through Grahame's legs. Red light. No. 50. Bossy was leaping for the sky, and the Islanders were dancing a carousel of joy around him.

"It felt like 1,000 pounds had been lifted off my shoulders," Bossy said. "Boy, did I feel light." A few seconds later Bossy and Trotter broke down-ice two-on-one, and suddenly Bossy had the puck on his stick—with a chance to eclipse the Rocket. Instead, he passed to Trotter, who scored from in front of the net.

"I owed him that one," said Bossy. "Look what he did for me."

For the first 11 years of their existence, the Seattle SuperSonics were simply the other team that wore Kelly-green uniforms. Then, in 1979, the Sonics suddenly turned super and ran away with the NBA title. In the championship series, Seattle's little guys—6' 2" Gus Williams and 6' 4" Dennis Johnson—fast-broke Washington into oblivion. They outscored, outrebounded and outdefended their Bullet backcourt counterparts and, in a game so dominated by redwoods, Williams was the series' leading scorer and Johnson its MVP. Ah, those were the days.

These aren't. On Jan. 20, Coach Lenny Wilkens' now less-than-super Sonics stumbled all the way into the Pacific Division basement. At times this season their play has been reminiscent of their expansion days. During last week's East Coast swing, the Sonics blew a 10-point lead in losing to New York 98-97, then crossed the Hudson and fell to the Atlantic Division's worst team, New Jersey, 126-122 in overtime. In Washington they were beaten by the Bullets 103-91, and Sunday they ran their losing streak to five against Boston, 115-106. That left the Sonics 22-29, quite a contrast to last year's 37-14 mark at this point. If any team in the Midwest, or rather the Midwest, besides the division-winner, can finish the year at .500, the former champions probably won't even make the playoffs. And in pro hoops, everybody makes the playoffs.

The Sonics' disastrous slide started with the retirement of 16-year veteran Paul Silas, the team's third-leading rebounder last season and, more important, its spiritual leader. Then, in the expansion draft, the Dallas Mavericks took the Sonics' solid backup center, Tom LaGarde. Power Forward Lonnie Shelton surprised everyone when on Nov. 12 he ended his season by deciding to undergo



With its star Gus Williams sidelined by a contract dispute, Seattle is sub-sonic

## No Gus, no glory

surgery that might repair ligament damage in his left wrist. Silas, LaGarde and Shelton gave the Sonics 16.8 rebounds a game in 1979-80. Without them, Seattle is averaging four fewer boards this season, while being outrebounded for the first time since 1976-77.

Johnson used to make blind passes, but now with all the new Seattle faces he looks lost.

But the biggest transformation has occurred in that All-Star backcourt. During the off-season, Seattle traded Johnson even up for Phoenix Guard Paul Westphal, who promptly suffered an injury to his right foot and had to sit out 25 games. The most conspicuous absentee of all, however, has been Williams, who had led the Sonics in scoring (19.8 points a game) and steals (2.3) the last three years. He hasn't played a minute all season because of a contract impasse.

"Losing Gus cut off our running right off the bat," says John Johnson, one of two starters who remain from the championship team. "Gus was an unusual player in that he was blessed with speed and quickness. He wasn't a great defensive player, but he could jump around and apply so much pressure on you that you wouldn't dare put the ball within two feet of him because he would take it away. I had to stop my pin-point passes because new people just don't know me like Gus and DJ did. Times were when we didn't even have to make eye contact; Gus and DJ knew that if they made the cuts, the ball would be there."

The other surviving starter from the championship team, Center Jack Sikma, is having his best season ever, leading the Sonics in 11 statistical categories, including scoring (19.6 points) and rebounding (11.4), but he, too, sorely misses Williams. "All I know is that in the old days, when I got a rebound and turned, there was always someone there," he says. "Now there's often no one. I could count the number of fast breaks and easy baskets we've had on one hand." Indeed, in the first half of last Friday's

continued



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loss to Washington, Seattle was outscored on fast breaks 25-0.

In Williams, the missing link, the Sonics had more than "a one-man fast-break," as Portland Coach Jack Ramsay once put it. He was also the most popular player among his teammates, the one who kept them loose and a possible successor to Silas as leader. Also, the 27-year-old guard was a key element in the Westphal-DJ swap. Howard Slusher, the lawyer who represents both Westphal and Williams, says, "Paul would never have come here if he thought Gus wouldn't be around."

Williams came to Seattle as a free agent before the 1977-78 season, after contract hassles with his first NBA team, the Golden State Warriors. He signed a three-year deal with the Sonics at \$170,000 a season and proved a bargain, leading Seattle into the NBA finals his first season and to the title his second. Negotiations for a new contract began that summer, a full year before the first was to expire. The Sonics say Williams asked for a one-year deal at \$800,000, while they offered a five-year pact worth \$2.5 million. The rumor mill began grinding full time this summer when it was reported that the deal included a Rolls-Royce, a Seattle condominium, real estate in San Francisco, stocks, annuities and performance bonuses.

"These were real demands, and they didn't bother me that much," says Seattle owner Sam Schulman. "It's all very good if I could accommodate him with various sorts of deals, but the bottom line was cost. If it was too much, it was too much."

More important than money, however, is the issue of compensation. Through this season, if a free agent signs with another team, the player's original team is compensated (with players, money, draft picks or any combination of the three). Next season, however, under the new right-of-first-refusal terms negotiated by the players' association, compensation will be history. A free agent will have the right to negotiate with any team and obtain the best offer. The original team then has the right to match that offer and retain the player. If it doesn't, the player is free.

But under another clause, if a player were to sit out this season, as Williams might, and then sign with another team next year, his original team would be entitled to compensation. Because the need

to provide compensation detracts from a player's market value, it would be advantageous for Williams to sign for the remainder of this season rather than wait until next. Consequently, in early December, Slusher wrote the Sonics that Williams would "unconditionally accept" a one-year deal that equaled the terms in the last year of his previous pact. It was, of course, far less than an earlier Sonics offer. Within a week, Williams went to Portland to sign, with the expectation that he would play that night against the Trail Blazers.

In the contract, however, the Sonics took the position that they had the right to fine Williams for missing preseason games and practices and also to deduct 1/2 of his salary for every regular season game he had missed. The Seattle offer also retained for the Sonics the right to future compensation for Williams if the courts decided the team was entitled to it because Williams had sat out part of this season. Slusher advised his client not to sign, Williams capped his pen, and the Sonics haven't seen him since. Telford Taylor, a court-appointed Special Master who decided in Williams' favor in his 1977 contract dispute with Golden State, has now ruled that because of some contract blunders on management's part the Sonics aren't entitled to compensation even if Williams sits out the rest of this season. Schulman is appealing that decision in federal court, and the uncertain outcome could make signing Wil-

liams risky for any other team but the Sonics for years to come.

Williams has played the fugitive, avoiding the press and the subject of his contract while skipping back and forth between his mother's home in Mount Vernon, N.Y., and his residences in Redmond, Wash., and Oakland. In New York his brother Ray, a guard with the Knicks, reports, "Most of the time Gus lifts weights or goes fishing. Sometimes he'll go to the local boys club and play ball." In California he's been negotiating to buy several acres of land in Orinda, just outside Oakland, but with a cloudy future, he is hesitant about closing the deal.

Meanwhile, both Wilkens and the Sonics players agree that the Williams situation has been distracting. "That day in Portland," Wilkens says, "we were so down when he didn't sign that we were blown out that night." Says John Johnson, "It isn't talked about, but everyone realizes how vital Gus was. The thing is, we've got to play the season out. You don't get sympathy when you lose. These are the same people we've been stomping for two years. Now, they're coming back at us."

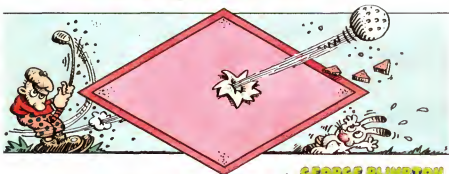
That's a bleak prospect, according to Sikma. "We have a choice," he says. "We can either play hard, get a streak here and there and make the playoffs, or we can face the fact that we're not a very good team. I don't know if we can beat a .500 team down the stretch. I just don't know if we can do it."

END



Now that his basketball future is up in the air, Williams is looking over some cloud-level property.

# MY CROSBY



by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**



who may be all right but about whom rumors persist—the sort of person who turns up outside the apartment door and one's wife, peering through the peephole, calls back over her shoulder, "Oh, my God, I think it's your uncle Ted. What shall we do?"

## THE CADDIE

In the first Bing Crosby National Pro-Am I played, in 1966, my golf bag was carried by a diminutive furniture mover named Abe—a somewhat elderly and melancholy local who, wearing the baggy trousers of a top-banana comedian, occasionally worked as a caddie and then, as evening fell, as a collector of golf balls (for resale) that had been lost in the ice plant and among the seaside rocks.

## AT THE AIRPORT

I should have known that the week of the Crosby Pro-Am was going to be taxing when the mouse nest fell out of my golf bag at the check-in counter at the airport. The clerk at the counter had been very helpful, tying the clubs together with a rope and encasing them in a transparent plastic bag. It was when he tipped the bag over to see if the clubs were secure that the mouse nest fell out.

We stared at the small heap of shavings and string lying on the floor.

"I see that you're ticketed through to Monterey," he said. "Going to the Crosby?"

"That's right," I said. "I played it once, 14 years ago. I'm going back to take another crack at it."

The attendant smiled. "You've really been spending the years getting ready," he said, looking at the mouse nest.

I have ambivalent feelings about my golf game. I play it so rarely that I am not really acquainted with it; indeed, I have thought of my golf game as a distant family relative





To my astonishment Abe was waiting for me when I arrived to register on Jan. 29, 1980 at the Lodge at Pebble Beach. I was touched that he had turned up, having assumed he had long retired from the golf links. No, not at all. He was living in Salinas now, 20 miles away, but he still drove down to the Peninsula in his camper to caddie and hunt for golf balls. He had heard I was coming to the tournament, and he hoped I would have him back to "pack" my bag. I was delighted.

Abe showed me his camper in the parking lot. In it was his ball-collecting equipment, two long bamboo poles with little wire pouches attached at the end, one adapted for "inland work" on the ice-plant slopes and the hillside brush, and the other for "ocean work."

"Ever find much down there on the rocks?" I asked.

"Nothing much," Abe said. "A corpse. Four or five dollars came floating in on the tide once."

"A corpse?" I interrupted. "Do you suppose it could have been a golfer?"

Abe shook his head.

"How could you tell?"

"He wasn't wearing spiked shoes," Abe said.

"Maybe he was a caddie, Abe. Maybe an angry golfer threw his caddie in."



"No," Abe said. "Golfers throw clubs in, not caddies. I can tell a caddie. He wasn't a caddie."

#### JACK LEMMON

Abe felt it would be a good idea if we walked the course "to refresh my mind" on what the holes looked like. "You can forget," he said, "after so many years."

We started off by following a foursome that included Jack Lemmon. Lemmon is an odd figure on a golf course; he thrusts his head forward, very often with a thin cigar in his mouth leading the way; his legs, which are very thin, carry him bent forward at a brisk clip so that at first glimpse he seems to have stepped out of the pages of Dickens—a Cruikshank illustration of a nervous, rather foppish country squire, perhaps on his way to inspect reports of trouble in the sheep pens.

On the 17th green, Lemmon took out a heavy triangular-headed putter. "Looks like it comes from Woolworth's, doesn't it?" he said admiringly. "I hear some players swear by it. It's called the Spider." He showed me the club with considerable pride, despite his obvious distaste for its name and the little spider design on the blade. "I've tried to scrape it off with a knife," he said, shivering slightly. "I think it's a black widow."

*continued*

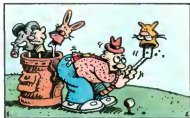




Lemmon is held in particular affection by duffers for his famous difficulties on the final holes of Pebble Beach the first time he played the Crosby more than a decade ago, all graphically caught by the television cameras. I recalled with relish a series of attempts by Lemmon to make a recovery shot up a steep slope. The golf ball bounced jauntily up the slope and, as if appalled by what it had discovered at the top, turned and hurried back down. We could see on television the top of Lemmon's head as he shifted about to address the ball for a second time. Exactly the same thing happened: the ball bobbed up to the top of the slope, and then curled back down again. Much of the humor lay in that we never saw much of Lemmon himself, just a great deal of his errant golf ball—it seemed to fill the television screen with its antic behavior.

As we walked along, Lemmon reminisced about the experience. "The whole mess started when our foursome came into view of the television cameras for the first time. The announcer said, 'Here's Jack Lemmon coming up on his second shot.' Then there was a pause, and his voice, a little shocked, came on again and announced that actually I was lying five. Things got no better. I tend to tighten up in front of cameras. You'd think I'd be used to them by now, but when it comes to golf, I'm not. I think I averaged 10 shots on each of those last five holes."

Lemmon said that on the 18th, he lay 12 with his ball still 35 feet from the cup. He had an elderly caddie whose sense of dignity seemed overtaken by what was going on. He kept sidling away. Lemmon, down on one knee on the green, trying to sight his putt, had to call him out of the



crowd for advice. The caddie moved rather reluctantly until, finally, Lemmon could hear him breathing behind him. "Which way does it break?" Lemmon asked, over his shoulder. "Who cares?" the caddie muttered.

Now, on that same 18th, the famous ocean hole, Lemmon hooked his drive down onto the smooth, wave-worn boulders that lie at the foot of the seawall that curves along the length of the fairway. The ball remained in sight for an astonishing length of time, skipping and ricocheting hysterically from one rock to another. I remember thinking that Lemmon seemed to have the godlike ability of imparting a lunatic longevity to a ball's flight, as though he had turned a key in a windup toy, his shots continued to do erratic things long after the average ball would have come to rest.

Around us on the tee, a chorus of laughter and mock warnings went up. "Keep your mouth shut, Jack," somebody called out. A year earlier, with the TV cameras on



him, Lemmon had made the same sort of bad shot and in his disgust had offered up a sharp expletive which floated through an open microphone to millions sitting in their living rooms.

"Life is an irreplaceable divot," Lemmon said to me mysteriously as he stepped off the tee.

## THE GIFT BOX

The price of playing in the Crosby Pro-Am has gone up. When I had played before, it was \$150. Now it was \$750. One of the compensations one receives for the entry fee to a pro-am is a "gift kit," a package of items usually related to golf—socks, a little drawstring bag of gold-painted tees, that sort of thing. At the Crosby, the kit is given to the amateur when he registers. I took mine back to my tiny room in the Tally Ho Inn in Carmel-by-the-Sea and unpacked it. It was an odd cornucopia: a chocolate golf ball, a tiny lock (for a golf bag?), a transparent plastic bag for practice balls, a white golf shirt, a gift certificate for a pair of golf shoes. While I ate the golf ball, I studied the other items, which included a bottle of vitamin tablets shaped like animals for young children, a beauty-pack treatment for "troubled hair," a bottle of shampoo, a deodorant, a bottle of window-glass cleaner, a pressurized can of "topical anesthetic," a bottle of aspirin and another pressurized can, this one of "plastic



bandage"—these last items, apparently, selected to patch together a golfer in physical decrepitude. There was an odd assortment of sealing tapes, along with a tape dispenser, and four kinds of cleaning sponges, including a scouring pad for frying pans. I set the gifts in a row to look at them.

One of the items in the kit was a mysterious object that I thought was a money clip. Made of plastic, shaped something like a shoehorn, with the name of the tournament artistically inscribed on the back, it had a pair of prongs that looked as if they were supposed to clamp down on a fold of money. I put some dollars in it and took it to the tournament in case I wanted to buy a hot dog or two, or maybe a beer to celebrate the round.

"That's very clever."

"What?"

"Using a cleat scraper as a money clip."

"A cleat scraper? Oh, well. . ."

"This set of prongs here is a divot-repairer."

"Oh, yes."

"It's a nice multipurpose gadget. But that's very clever, what you're doing with it."

"Of course."

#### THE GOLF DINNER

The California Golf Writers gave their annual dinner at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, to which I went as the guest of Art Rosenbaum of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. We had been friends since I hit him on the kneecap with the first bounce of a towering slice on the 18th at Pebble Beach 14 years earlier. That is one of the very few shots I can recall of my golfing career. Golf writers, on the other hand, can remember just about every shot they have hit themselves (if they are decent golfers) and certainly every shot of consequence hit by the professionals. It almost seemed a parlor trick at the dinner to hear the writers practice this sort of thing in conversation:

"The greatest Nicklaus shot I ever saw was that one he hit at Canterbury around the tree. Five-iron."

"You mean the one in '73 on the 13th?"

"That's the one."

"I think it was a four he used."

"Hey, Tom, was that a four or a five-iron Nicklaus hit at Canterbury in '73?"

"You mean on the 13th? Neither. He took a four-iron, put it back and used a three. You might be thinking of the

shot he made the day before on the same hole. That was a four-iron."

I found this sort of stuff intimidating and somewhat exhausting. It made me pick at my salad.

The golf writers had invited Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Tom Watson to the dinner, and all of them turned up—at one point standing together chatting. The writers stared at them: Titans representing three decades of golf history. "Look at that grouping," someone at our table said. "Madame Tussaud would go ape."

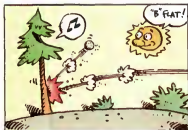
The three were there to receive awards. Each in turn went up to the rostrum to pick up a plaque and to answer questions put by the master of ceremonies. Each was asked to describe what he considered the most memorable shot of his career. Nicklaus mentioned three one-iron shots he had hit which he was proud of. At my table, I whispered that I didn't even have a one-iron in my bag (it didn't come with the set), and that it seemed almost an indignity that the world's greatest golfer had hit three of his best shots with a club I didn't even own.

"One of the best shots I ever saw," one of my tablemates was saying, "was the six-iron Palmer hit out of the rough on the 15th at Royal Birkdale in the British Open in 1961. I went by that spot later, and the British had put up a plaque to mark it. That's like the British, isn't it? The divot mark was still there. The caddie pointed it out to me—a great swipe out of the earth, an excavation . . . must have been a yard long. The power of the man."

We stared up at the rostrum.

*continued*





"Which pro are you playing with?" I was asked.

"His name is Jack Ferenz," I said. "I don't know anything about him."

"I do," said Art Spander of the *San Francisco Examiner*. "Jack Ferenz is a hairdresser from San Jose. Plays very good golf for a hairdresser."

I tried to hide my disappointment.

"That's rather unique," I said.

## MY PARTNER

I met Jack Ferenz on the practice green near the Pebble Beach golf shop about a half hour before we were to tee off in the first round of the tournament. He was a young, curly-haired fellow with a slight blond mustache, built compactly, rather along the lines of Nicklaus.

"I understand you dabble in, er, hairdressing?"

He looked at me aghast. "What?" he said loudly.

"You're from San Jose?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply. "I'm from Parma, Ohio. Near Cleveland."

Spander? The reporter from the *Examiner* obviously knew nothing about Ferenz but a great deal about my gullibility.

"Somebody told me wrong," I murmured, leaning over and stroking a short putt which missed the hole by a foot. I noticed that Ferenz missed his next attempt by quite a margin, too.

Our relationship smoothed out after that. He told me something about himself. He had gone to Florida State on a golf scholarship. His pro career was just starting.

Some of the players called him Pete, which, I learned, was for Pete Smith, an imaginary alter-ego character Ferenz once made the mistake of admitting he carried around in his mind—a sort of superhero to whom he could turn in moments of stress. "He's my only pal out there on the golf course," Ferenz said.

The word spread among the pros. Sometimes a golfer would come up and whisper in Ferenz' ear, "Hey, Pete Smith, are you in there today?"

"I heard about Pete Smith," I told him.

"Yeah?"

"Tell me about him."

Ferenz looked a little embarrassed, but he said, "Well, he wins everything. He wins the Open by 10 strokes. I look up to him. I ask for his advice. Or, if he's not around, I ask myself what Pete Smith would do in this case. Would Pete Smith go for the green?"

"What does he look like?" I asked. "Does he look like Palmer or Nicklaus?"

Ferenz shook his head. "I'm not sure," he said. "I guess he looks a little like me."

"Have you ever played with Nicklaus?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I was standing next to him on the practice range once. He'd shoot five balls and I'd hit one just so that I could stand there and watch him. No one hits shots like that man. . . ."

"Is he as good as Pete Smith?" I asked.

"No, not as good as Pete Smith," Ferenz said with a smile, "but close. Pete always beats him in the playoffs."

In the Crosby, one pro and one amateur play together as partners from start to finish, unlike most other pro-ams, in which the amateurs play with a pro only on the day before the tournament proper begins. This means that in the Crosby a rank amateur, like Lemmon, can play in front of the TV cameras on the final day, assuming he and his pro partner make the cut. The two partnerships which compose the original foursome play together for the first three days of the tournament, so one gets to know the other members of the troupe about as well—considering the ad-





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versities of the average golf round on the Monterey Peninsula—as one would get to know fellow survivors on a life raft in mid-ocean.

The other professional in our group was a long hitter named Joe Hager. His drives would hang out just on the edge of the limits of our vision, the ball coming to a stop as an infinitesimal speck on the fairway—a feat invariably greeted by awestruck sounds of approbation, even from my own pro, Ferenz, who would whistle softly and shake his head. The descriptive phrases for applauding such shots have changed somewhat: I could remember people saying in 1966, “Man, you really shot the lights out on that one.” Or, “You sure put some *swift* on that shot.” Or, “That poke had some noise on it, man!” Now the most common descriptive I heard was “large!” Once, I heard someone say, “Man, you really put that one in the third tier,” but usually it was “large,” as in “That shot will certainly operate. Large!”

The other amateur in our foursome was a sportswriter from La Mesa, Calif. named Matt Mitchell.

“What’s your handicap?” I asked him.

“Two broken knees.”

He was, in fact, a five-handicap player and a serious golfer. He loved the game and told me he thought of little else. He was scheduled to have an operation which would keep him off the courses for several months, but he told me that every day he was idle he was going to play a couple of rounds in his mind just to keep the image of his swing clear and grooved. He told me that if he truly committed himself to this mental exercise, he would come back to the golf course a better player than when he left.

## THE FIRST TEE

Not many golfers go through the stress of stepping up to the first drive of a tournament in front of a large crowd. It is one thing to start off a country-club Labor Day tournament before two witnesses jiggling Bloody Marys in plastic cups, and quite another to bend down to set the ball on its tee, acutely aware that four or five hundred people are watching you do this. The blood rushes alarmingly to the head as one stoops over. The ball falls off the tee. Fingers reach for it uncertainly, as if groping in a bait bucket. Once back on the tee, the ball seems to wobble, the earth beneath it unsteady. As one stands up and addresses the ball, the stance seems utterly foreign. To start the swing takes a formidable thrust of will, almost a physical command of “Now!”

Some years before, at the opening hole of the Colgate-Dinah Shore Pro Celebrity Amateur in Palm Springs, I had seen a typical example of this kind of nervous state. An advertising executive from Connecticut was in our foursome. He had a perfectly respectable handicap, a 13 or something of the sort, which I envied him, but he had never played a golf shot in front of a watching crowd. He was obviously unnerved by the presence of the hundred or so spectators in the grandstand overlooking the 1st tee. “I don’t know about this,” he said to me nervously as we approached.

I tried to put him at ease. “A piece of cake,” I said in a high falsetto, the first time I could ever remember using the term. I was not exactly at ease myself.

The executive stepped up to hit his drive. His swing was enormous, but, incongruously, the ball itself was just barely nudged. Grazed by the bottom of the club, the ball *fell* off the tee and ended up resting against it; the ball had not moved even its own length down the fairway.

A cry of woe escaped the executive’s throat. A gabble of voices rose from the stands. It was now time for his second shot. A discussion ensued—what an excruciating one it must have been for him—as to whether he was permitted to remove the tee from just behind the ball. Eventually, he was allowed to do so, the tee constituting what was referred to by one of the officials standing by as a “loose impediment.”

“It’s just the same as a worm,” the official said, quite loudly, finding an image that could hardly have pleased the executive. Down on one knee, with infinite care, he then went through the humiliation of removing the tee without nudging the ball, while the onlookers craned to see how he was getting along. When at last he stood up and hit his second shot, he duck-hooked it sharply into a condominium complex to the left of the fairway.

At the Crosby, the tension at the first tee is heightened by the starter announcing each contestant’s name over a loudspeaker. In a foursome that went off shortly before ours, Admiral Alan B. Shepard was announced as “Alan S. Shepard,” and the astronaut pointed out to everyone within earshot what those initials spelled. It raised a laugh. We stared in awe at this amateur enough in control to produce a quip at the execution spot—the “right stuff,” indeed, as they say of the astronauts.

My drive surprised me: a high floating slice down the fairway that managed to stay in bounds. I hurried after it, feeling an almost palpable relief in getting away from the 1st tee and its witnesses.

## THE PRACTICE RANGE

After the first round I went with Abe to the practice range to try to do something about my miserable showing. I had picked up on six holes and had not scored a par. Ferenz had shot a very respectable two-under-par 70, but I had not been able to help our team at all. Abe told me that I was “snapping” at the ball.

Along the practice range the golfers, nearly all of them professionals, had wedged themselves into a firing line that was almost solid.

While Abe was scouting the line for space for me, I went over to chat with a pro named Bill Calfee. Some golfers use odd protective covers on their woods, and Calfee’s were knitted representations of Muppet characters—Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy among them.

“My niece and nephew in Boston gave them to me,” Calfee said. “They brighten up the day when things aren’t going so hot.”

I asked which club was under Miss Piggy.

“That’s the driver. I tell Sampson, ‘Give me Miss Piggy.’ Sampson talks to them—don’t you, Sampson?”

The caddy named Sampson shifted his toothpick in the corner of his mouth. “We don’t have what you might call long conversations,” he said. “I don’t like them looking at me all the time. I tell them, ‘Get your eyes off me.’”

*continued*

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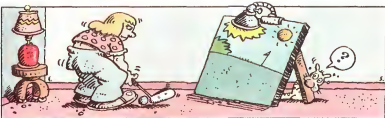
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Abe turned up and said he had found a large enough opening on the firing line for me to bat away without fear of conking my neighbor with a shanked shot. Just then, word came along the range that Gerald Ford had hit a spectator that afternoon. No one was particularly surprised; he had done it before. It is truly unnerving for the rank amateur to step up to the tee and look down a long tunnel, the sides of which are composed of flesh-and-blood spectators leaning out to watch the club hit the ball. "Ahem, ahem!" I would call out, motioning sideways with my driver until the spectators speed out, increasing the angle until it was like driving a ball out of the mouth of a tuba. Professionals almost never hit spectators close to the tee, and they don't worry too much about hitting them farther along, because the impact is seldom damaging and almost invariably the ball will kick back into the fairway or will be kept from sailing over the green. I have heard pros prayerfully call out when they realize their shot is going beyond the green, "Hit somebody, hit somebody!"

## THE FRENCH POODLE

My second round, on the Cypress Point course, was no better than the first. I spent a great deal of time searching with Abe for errant shots.



After the round I wandered around the little village of Carmel, grieving. I had played 36 holes without scoring a par. The next day we would be playing Spyglass Hill—one of the most difficult golf courses in the world.

The thought was very much in my mind that I could play the entire tournament without making a par, much less a birdie. The realization was numbing: that I, in control of my faculties, not a bad athlete, with a golf swing worked on through the years by a bevy of pros, might not achieve even one par.

I tried to comfort myself with the excuse that in the Crosby the amateur hits from the same back tees as the professional. On many of the holes, especially at Cypress Point, the fairway proper starts at the very limit of the amateur's length off the tee, so that often, addressing his ball and looking at the expanse of rough between tee and smooth fairway, he enjoys about as much comfort as he would trying to drive the ball across the Snake River Canyon.

Still, I grieved. After all, I had played eight par-3 holes to that point. Bogeys all. On the famous par-3 16th at Cy-

press, I had plopped my tee shot into the ice plant, I could barely see the glint of the ball down there in the deadly green spikes.

"How do I get it out?" I asked Abe.

"Close your eyes and swing as hard as you can."

I did.

"It's still in there," Abe said. "Try again." It seemed a very long day.

Carmel is a curious place in which to grieve, so polished and honed by city ordinances that one has the sense of having wandered onto a stage set. There are no house numbers, no mailboxes are allowed; cutting a limb off a tree or digging a hole in one's yard is not allowed without authorization from the proper higher-ups. Almost every other store is an art gallery, usually showing large seascapes, invariably a wall of surf about to topple. I stared gloomily, thinking that on a sunny day the easels facing Carmel Bay must be lined up like the professionals on the practice range.

That night I had dinner with friends in a small restaurant in Carmel called The French Poodle. I found myself sitting next to an enchanting woman who admitted to being an inveterate golf lesson-taker. She lived in New York City, but that did not seem to inhibit her lesson-taking at all. She said she haunted mysterious chambers in the city where,

under the supervision of a pro, the pupil socks a ball into a net or a mat a few club-lengths away.

"Didn't you ever go to Ernest Jones?" she asked. (I had told her of my troubles in my quest for a par.) She spoke of Jones as one might speak of a distinguished psychiatrist.

"I'm afraid not."

"On Fifth Avenue? A great teacher. He wanted you to get over 'paralysis by analysis,' which meant that he just wanted you to forget everything you'd ever been taught to remember, and slam the ball. How about Richard Metz, over in the Gloucester House? Have you been there?"

"No," I admitted.

"You haven't been to see Richard Metz? You wouldn't be having so much trouble if you'd spent a week with him before coming out here."

I asked, "Do you take your own clubs to these places?"

She laughed. "It's too much bother. And besides, on the bus I'm sure they'd charge you double if you hefted a big golf bag in there with you."

"You might have to get a caddie to help."

*continued*



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"Yes, that'd be three fares before you ever got started to the Gloucester House."

Sitting there at the table, I imagined a caddie, an elderly Scotsman perhaps, standing next to her on the New York City sidewalk, a big Hagen bag at his side, looking down the avenue to spot the buses. He'd say, as if he were "clubbing" her, "It'll be the No. 4 bus that's best to get to the Gloucester House...."

She began telling me how she spent her time on the Monterey Peninsula while her husband played in the tournament. "I take lessons at the Carmel Valley Country Club from Ben Doyle—you've heard of him?"

I said I had not. I was beginning to feel I knew nothing about the personalities of golf.

"Oh, he's the hottest thing now. He taught Clampett."

"Clampett?"

**S**he looked at me in surprise. "Bobby Clampett. He's one of the leading amateurs in the country. I used to be able to take four straight hours of lessons from Ben Doyle, but now that he's been successful with Clampett, the practice range is so crowded it's like Grand Central Station. He starts his pupils off swinging mops."

"Mops?"

"Doyle is just the opposite of Ernest Jones," she said.

"Now let's see. Which one is Jones?"

"Jones is 'paralysis by analysis.' He just wanted you to get up there and swing. With Doyle, everything is very technical. His teaching is based on a book called *The Golfing Machine, Geometrie Golf*. It's full of terms like 'accumulators,' which are the components which produce the proper energy required to hit the perfect shot. There are 24 components to the proper swing."

"Are you supposed to remember all these components?"

"Of course. One of the things you're supposed to keep in mind is 'hinge action,' the position of the hands at the top of the swing. And 'lag load.' Very important."

"What is lag load?" I asked.

"It's rather elusive," she admitted. "It has something to do with the manner of delivery, the club coming into the ball exactly like dragging a wet mop through the impact. That's why we practice with mops."

"Has all this improved your golf?"

"Oh," she said. "That's a bad question. It hasn't really, but I always figure if I hit a bad shot, there's something on that list of 24 basic components I've forgotten."

She took a sip of wine and asked me, "Have you played the indoor Golf-O-Rama?"

"Golf-O-Rama?"

"It's a place in Bedford Hills, north of New York City. They have indoor driving ranges that simulate actual golf courses. Each hole is flashed on a screen. The flight of your ball into the screen is computerized somehow, and on the screen you're shown a picture of the green from the spot where you hit the ball. It's quite realistic. When the computer tells you you've reached the green, you step down on some AstroTurf and putt out. It's sort of silly but you can wade into the place through a blizzard and say you want to

play Hawaii's Oahu course. They switch on the course and the sun is shining."

"Do they have any of the Monterey courses?" I asked.

"Pebble Beach, I'm sure. Which do you play tomorrow?"

"Spyglass," I said.

She made a wistful gesture with her hands. "It's too late," she said. "Not even Ben Doyle can help you now."

## THE LAST MORNING

I left for Spyglass at 8:30 in the morning, driving through Carmel and out onto the highway. Just at the turnoff, I passed a man running for the office of President of the United States. He was standing on the highway divider under a short flagpole bearing a large American flag; in one hand he was carrying a placard announcing his candidacy and his name (Alberta Augustibus), and in the other he was brandishing a cutout paper heart and what looked like a tennis ball. He was shouting what was presumably his platform speech at the cars sailing by on the highway. I would have stopped and listened—what could he have been urging on the electorate with a heart and a tennis ball as symbols?—if it had not been for the urgency of what was on my mind, a par at Spyglass. But I wondered if this bizarre figure was not an omen of the magnitude of my own ambitions.

The round did not start propitiously. My drive moved out onto the fairway, hopping along nicely, but the second shot went off at a sharp angle, hit a pine, then another, and rolled back toward me, ending a flight that might have totaled almost 200 yards not more than eight yards away. I stared at the ball as if it were a grenade, smoking slightly. "The pines of Spyglass." I wrote in a notebook I carried around in my back pocket, "when smacked by a golf ball seem to reverberate hollow-toned, like xylophone bars, and I suspect that a succession of hits would produce at times a recognizable, even catchy tune."

I kept the notes, fully expecting that on one page I would set down a large exclamation point and a detailed description of how I had humbled the hole with a graceful par, perhaps even a birdie. I wrote on each tee, chronicling what had happened on the previous hole.

All the holes of Spyglass bear names out of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*—he lived at one time near the premises—such as "The Black Spot," "Blind Pew," "Israel Hands." These appear on wooden plaques set by each tee, along with some ditty-like words to describe the hole. Of the par-4, 350-yard 2nd hole known as the Billy Bones (like the character in the book, "He appears early, doesn't stay long, but is remembered," the plaque read), I wrote, "Green barely visible, a little east of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Hit splendid drive. Topped second shot, sizzling it through grass. Third shot reached rough. Stayed in there for three more shots. Seals roaring off in the fog. Called out to partner Ferenz, on opposite side of fairway, 'Everything O.K.' Have we got the hole in control?' He asked, 'What do you he?' He saw me begin counting on my fingers and said, 'We're O.K. You can pick up.'"

On the first par-3, The Black Spot ("There is no alternative... either the player hits the green or is in the sand and on the spot"), I reached the green from the tee but

continued

# 50% of Michelob fans pull the switch for Schlitz

## 48% of 200 loyal Budweiser drinkers also prefer Schlitz

Schlitz' impressive showing against Michelob wasn't the first time beer drinkers picked Schlitz over their brand. In a previous TV taste test, 46 out of 100 Bud drinkers preferred Schlitz. A week later, 100 more Bud drinkers were tested. This time 50%—exactly half—preferred Schlitz.

All in all, 48% of the Bud drinkers tested liked Schlitz better. Prior to the test most of the panelists seemed confident that Bud would be their choice. At least 48% left with a new outlook—and some perhaps, with a new beer.



It was Schlitz vs. Michelob Beer—and former NFL Referee Tommy Bell called the score for Schlitz in the live TV taste test

## 50 out of 100 Michelob drinkers pick Schlitz on live Super Bowl TV

100 million fans watched as Schlitz took on Michelob in the finale of "The Great American Beer Switch." The dramatic test was conducted live during half-time of the Super Bowl game.

The huge audience witnessed 100 loyal Michelob drinkers choose between two unlabelled beers—their own Michelob and today's Schlitz. When it was all over, plenty of Michelob drinkers were surprised by the number of participants who preferred Schlitz.

Each of the loyal Michelob drinkers was served two beers, one Schlitz and one Michelob, in unlabelled ceramic mugs. Tasters were told to indicate a tie, or make a choice by pulling an electronic switch left or right in the direction of the beer they preferred.

The final results were unknown until the score flashed up on national TV.

## "Was confident" states Schlitz chief Sellinger

"Some people thought it was risky to do live TV taste tests," explains Frank Sellinger, Chief Executive at Schlitz. "But it didn't take nerve, it just took confidence."

Sellinger, a master brewer for 40 years, has helped brew some of the world's finest beers. Since joining the company three years ago, he has concentrated on making Schlitz the best premium beer.

"They brought me here to brew the best," says Sellinger. "And this Schlitz is it."

It seems quite a few of the Bud, Miller and Michelob drinkers tested agree.

## 200 Miller drinkers tested: Schlitz is preferred by 37%

In two live TV telecasts, a total of 200 loyal Miller drinkers were asked to choose between their beer and Schlitz. Again, a significant number of Miller drinkers decided their beer was second best and pulled the switch for Schlitz.

## Beer fans surprised at choice of Schlitz

Panelists who chose Schlitz expressed surprise. Similar reactions have been registered in other taste tests across the country.

"I'm genuinely surprised," said Guy D'Anne. "I thought Bud was better but I've been proved wrong." "Schlitz has much better flavor than Miller,

and it goes down easier," attested Bill Weber. "I could drink it all night."

Bud drinker Bernie

Felsbit summed up the reaction of many when he said, "There may be a new beer in my future."

## Do it yourself—try the "Great American Beer Switch" test

This test requires two identical mugs, a Schlitz and your regular beer, at equal temperature. Label the mugs "1" and "2" so the taster won't know which beer is which. Pour the beers to equal heads of the taster's sight.

To ensure that the

choice is made on taste alone, serve the beer in non-transparent mugs or have the taster close his eyes and then sample both and choose the beer that tastes better. Now you taste. Did you pick your regular brand? Or today's Schlitz?



Loyal Michelob drinkers chose between unlabelled mugs of their Michelob and today's Schlitz.

then three-putted, missing the par putt from eight feet, having, as the suave golf announcers describe it, "slid it by the hole to the right."

The next par-3 on the front nine—I had given up all hope of paring one of the longer holes—went by without success. My notes described a "tall, quite lovely three-wood hit into the ice plant." Abe tried to help.

"You're snapping at the ball again," he said.


On the next drive I made an attempt to slow things down. The great golfing writer, Bernard Darwin, had said of Bobby Jones' swing that it had a "certain drowsy beauty." I thought of that on the tee, and slowly, too slowly, I brought the club back. Demons in my mind shouted, "Keep it slow and drowsy." Impreceptibly, like an ocean liner inching away from the pier, the club head slowly moved away from the ball, gradually lifting to the top of the swing. But at the summit everything went out of control: the club head faltered like a paper airplane stalling on the wind and then it dashed earthward in a cruel whistling swipe. A cry erupted from my throat as the club pounded into the earth a foot behind the tee, bounced, and sent the ball perfectly straight down the fairway for about 90 yards.

"Straight as an arrow," Ferenz' caddie said helpfully.

"Not very large," I said.

"What happened?" asked Abe.

I told him I had become confused. "I had too much time to think, Abe."

 came close to my elusive par again on the 11th, the par-5 Admiral Benbow ("... will provide safe harbor for those who negotiate the lake"), when my putt for par hung on the lip of the cup, part of the circumference of the ball peering down into the darkness of the hole. "Topple! Topple!" I cried, vainly.

On the 12th (Skeleton Island), I barely missed a 10-foot putt for a par. "You're heating up," Abe said.

But on the 13th, the Tom Morgan ("a pirate if there ever was one..."), I wrote in my notes, "My short, long, and middle irons—all of which I used on this hole—deserted me. What I need now is a vodka and tonic."

Earlier, on the 12th hole, Matt Mitchell, the other amateur in our foursome, had thrown his ball into the water hazard. Of all the indignities that man tries to heap on inanimate objects, throwing a golf ball into the water is perhaps the most hapless. The lake accepts the ball with a slight ripple which disappears almost immediately, leaving the surface smooth and implacable, almost smug.

"I suppose the thing to do is to think of the ball blowing down there," I said comfortingly to Matt.

He stared at me furiously.

Almost as if to make him feel better, on the last par-3 hole (the Jim Hawkins), my eight-iron shot—to desperate cries of "Go! Go!" "Move!" "Don't leak!"—described a high parabola and dropped into the water edging the green, stitching it with a little geyser.

"It'll be bloating any minute now," Mitchell said.

It was apparent that we would not be making the cut for the Sunday round, so the par-4 18th would be my last chance in the tournament to make a par. I hit an enormous hook

into a grove of pines on the left-hand side of the fairway.

"It's gone," Abe said gloomily.

I told Abe that we had to find the ball. It was my last chance. If we found it, I told him, I would take a tremendous swing and catch it to perfection, whatever its lie. The ball would rocket into the clear open air above the fairway and float gently toward the green. From where it landed, I would hit a delicate wedge onto the green, and then sink a long, curling putt for a par. Vindication would be mine. I would tip my hat gracefully to the spectators standing around the green.

But there was no sign of the ball.

Abe said, "It could have bounced into the front yard of that house. That's the direction it went."

Abe said some people were moving around inside the house. Did I want him to knock on the door and ask if they'd happened to see the ball go by?

"No," I said in despair. "I'll pick up."

I ran into Nathaniel Crosby, Bing's son, later on. We chatted, but it was difficult to be breezy and matter-of-fact. Perhaps no one knew of my three-day ordeal—nothing but boney, double boney and pick up—but I was afraid it showed, like a facial tic.

"You do O.K. out there?" I asked Crosby.

"We had our troubles," he said. He looked at me with a smile. "Did you get your par?"

He knew! I paled.

"Well, no," I said, nervously. "No. Spyglass brought me to its knees."

Crosby looked slightly puzzled.

"I mean my knees," I pointed at my knees. "My knees." Part of my drink sloshed out and splashed on the floor. "It destroyed me. No pars. No pars."

Crosby backed away slightly.

"I understand," he said.

I swirled what was left of my drink around in my glass.

"Well," he said kindly. "You've got 365 days to get ready for another try at it."

## INDOORS

The man from Golf-O-Rama said, "It's about an hour's drive from New York City. Bring your own clubs."

"You're sure you have the Pebble Beach course there?"

"Absolutely," he said. "You can play any one of five courses—Oahu, Firestone, Winged Foot, The Dunes or Pebble Beach. If you wait a couple of months, we're going to have Pinehurst No. 2 and Thunderbird in here."

"No, it's Pebble Beach I want," I said. I explained about my trouble on the Monterey Peninsula courses and how important I felt it would be to my psychic well-being to score a par, even on an indoor course.

"How late do you stay open?" I asked.

"Until 10 at night," the man said.

"I'm going to be staying until I make a par," I said. "You might have to order in sandwiches and coffee. It could be a long haul."

I made a reservation and arrived with my golf bag one morning, not long after the place had opened for the day. Norman Schaut, the president of Golf-O-Rama, was at the

*continued*



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door and showed me around. One side of the large hangar-like room was taken up with the "golf courses" lined up side to side, each with an elevated tee off which the golfer hits the ball 20 feet or so into a transparent nine-foot-square scrim, through which can be seen a color-slide reproduction of the golf hole flashed on a screen.

Schaut explained that a computer was triggered first by the sound of the club head hitting the ball and then by the impact of the golf ball against the scrim. The scrim was lined with thin wires to record exactly when and where the ball hit. All this information was digested by the computer, which then flashed a set of numbers on the screen, telling the golfer just how far, in theory, he had hit the ball. When his ball "reached" the green, the golfer would step onto the AstroTurf and putt out from the distance indicated on the screen. Schaut said it was uncanny how accurately the computer reflected a golfer's regular game. "The course record on our Pebble Beach is 64, which is just what it is out there in California."

Golfers were already playing the other courses, and I noticed that even in the confines of the building, with the stark beams above and the strains of Muzak in the background, the conversations were very much what one would hear on a spring day at the nearby Westchester Country Club ("You're over the green... Wha'ja hit?"). Even the outfits the customers wore were more appropriate to summer golf than to the winter's day outside. One woman was wearing plaid golfing trousers. I noticed one or two mesh golfing hats. Just about everyone wore a golf glove and was careful about sliding the club-head covers back over the woods after a drive.

We stepped up on the Pebble Beach tee. "If the computer says you've driven the ball into a water hazard," Schaut said, "there'll be the sound of a splash."

I said, "You should have the sound of the waves breaking and the seals barking out there in the Pacific."

**W**hat a good idea!" he exclaimed. I thought about the Pebble Beach sounds such as a tape deck might include: a far-off call of a jay perhaps; the soft sift of wind in the trees; the clinking of clubs in a golf bag; the squeak of Port-O-Let doors; the distinctive hopping of a ball ricocheting in the pines; the exclamation after a good drive ("Large. That's a large poke"); the distant whoops of delight when a long putt would drop; the sharp cries of "Sit! Sit!" or "Bite! Bite!" when an approach shot seemed to be going too far; an occasional rattle of the ball dropping into the cup to cheer the golfer up. And then also, to keep things in proper perspective, the sharp crack of a golf club being snapped in two.

"Do golfers lose their tempers in here?" I asked. "Break clubs and so forth?"

"Oh, you bet," Schaut said. "They bang their putters against the AstroTurf, and since the material is laid out on concrete, they can end up with a putter about half a foot long." He showed me a scar-shaped mark on a putting surface. "This guy had a 50-yard pitch shot, and according to the computer, he hit it 20 yards over the green. He threw

his club in disgust. Can't reseed AstroTurf like grass. That mark's there for good."

"I'm very even-tempered," I said, as I hosted my golf bag up onto the Pebble Beach tee. "Of course, something could snap if I'm still here after four or five hours."

"Good luck," Schaut said with a suggestion of concern in his voice. I wondered if the thought had crossed his mind that I might in my demented state become a permanent fixture in his Golf-O-Rama, or, at least, settle in like a marathon dancer, weakening slowly as the hours passed, the steady bogeys stretching into double and then triple bogeys, until finally the feeble shuffling on the tee would just barely get the ball to the serif ("30 yards on that drive") and people drifting in and out would stare curiously ("Oh, that guy, well, he...").

"Don't worry. I'm going to bring Pebble Beach to its knees," I told Schaut cheerfully.

We cycled on the course. Behind the scrim the picture of the par-4, 382-yard 1st hole at Pebble Beach flashed on. "That's it!" I said. "The dogleg to the right." I remembered the names of the contestants being called out by the starting marshal, the patter of applause from the crowds by the tee and the dryness of my throat when I had bent down to set the wooden tee into the grass—and even in the protected confines of the Golf-O-Rama, with the Muzak playing *Deep Purple*, I felt my nerves tighten.

I teed up and swung. My drive, according to the computer, was an excellent one for me, just to the edge of the dogleg, 205 yards out. My second shot stopped 50 yards from the pin, and then I hit a lovely, easy wedge, which the computer said left me with a six-foot putt for my par. I stepped onto the AstroTurf green with my putter. I stared down, every stitch of the AstroTurf graven on my field of vision, brought the putter back, then forward, and watched the ball ease down the line and drop into the hole.

I had the urge to throw my putter into the air, and perhaps I would have if I had not known that it would clatter amongst the rafters and perhaps get stuck up there. Instead I turned and tried to look suave. Schaut came hurrying over, smiling.

"Have you got something to say?" he asked, looking at my face, which had broken into a broad grin.

"Piece of cake," I said.

END



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## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 19-25

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

[illegible]

**BOWLING**—BOB HANDLEY defeated Jay Robinson 203-200 as he won the \$95,000 Alameda (Calif.) Open.

**BOXING**—CHI-IL HO-KIM won the WBC superflyweight title with a ninth-round knockout of defending champion Rafael Orozco in San Francisco, Venezuela.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—OAKLAND defeated Philadelphia 27-16 in Super Bowl XV in New Orleans (page 16) 🏈

**GOLF**—DAVID GRAHAM shot a 16-under-par 268 to win the \$100,000 Phoenix Open by one stroke over Lon Hinkle.

**HARNESS RACING**—**IDEAL DU GAZEL**, driven by Yvanne Lefevre, won the \$326,000 Prix d'Amisquet at Vincennes, France, by a length over Josy. The Amer-ican champion mare Classical Way placed third, two lengths off the lead. *Ideal du Gazeau*, a 5-year-old mare trained the 1½ miles in 3:21½.

**DONKEY**—While the Islanders Mike Eruzione and Los Angeles Charlie Simmer were shooting so much music (Rocky Richard's 13-year-old son is 20 studs in his senior year), James L. Stoen was coaching the Kings along to its first and third-place in the NHL standings with 72 and 64 points, respectively. So Louis' coach Stoen had to get his players to work hard as well as Hardland on goals by wings Brian Sutter and Wayne Babych in the final two minutes. They then scored three times in the last minute to defeat the Black Hawks, in 118 plays with 40 points that went right in a row, equalling the team record set in 1971-72. Philadelphia, in fourth with 63, began the season with 17 home wins, tied for second place during which 40 minutes of fighting among live Kings and four Flyers resulted in 227 minutes of penalties.

The rink-side crowd at Madison Square Garden said Flyer Coach Pat Quinn "They got our guys back, and that's our game plan." Philadelphia's coach John Davidson said, "The Flyers are getting their second chance of the season," and gave them a 5-4 win, with rookie Tim Kerr scoring the game-winner. The Flyers ended the week with a tie-kick at New York City's Citi Field stadium where they won their first three goal-games of the career. Montreal, with 56 points, was tied for fifth with Minnesota.

The North Stars defeated the Canadiens 6-3 and Washington 3-1 before the 5-4 loss to Philly and a 6-1 loss to the Capitals. The Capitals lost to the Penguins 6-0-1; it was Gaudreault. Don Edwards' first shutout of the season—and his 3-1 at Boston before defeating Quebec 5-3 on a B.S. Selling goal with 45 seconds left.

low, sandy Mde. Nodules, common and well developed at Wrentham. In some instances they form a thin bedded layer, as at the base of the 10' bed at Wrentham and 3-4' at New Bedford and 2' at Wrentham. Hartford clayey shales have not been found. The lowest bed of the 10' bed at Wrentham is a thin bedded layer of shales, 1-2' thick, containing water 4-6' from the shore.

**TENNER—MARTIN**, N. A. and H. J. A. deleted Nov.  
Hmkt. 6-2 6-4 no win j. S. 0000 username:  
Circulant.

**TRACK & FIELD**—**100-YD** ASSURED of Los Angeles established an American indoor women's record in the 40 yard dash with a clocking of 6.61 at the Albuquerque Invitational. The old mark of 6.68 was set by Chandra Cheyenneborough in 1979.

**REPORTS**—**SAND** As football coach and athletic director at North Texas State, **BOB TELLER**, 42, who guided Messenger State to a 34-29 record from 1971 to 1975.

**SIGNED** To a four-year, \$750,000 contract as coach of the New Orleans Saints. **BL. M. PHILLIPS**, 37, who coached in six seasons with the Houston Oilers, was 35-35.

**TRADED:** By the Cincinnati Reds, Cincinnati CL SAR GERONIMO, 32, to the Kansas City Royals for minor league infielder

TRADED By the Boston Red Sox. Outfielder HILL LYNN, 28, and righthanded Pitcher STEVE BENKE, 36, to the California Angels for Outfielder JOE RUDOLPH, 34, and pitchers FRANK TANANA, 27, a lefty, and JIM DORSEY, 25, a righty.

DIED JOE KLHARCH, 63, football coach for the University of San Francisco (1948-52), the Chicago Cardinals (1952), the Washington Redskins (1954-58), Notre Dame (1959-62) and the Philadelphia Eagle (1964-68) of a heart attack in Philadelphia. His college record was 43-27; he was 58-41-1 in the NFL.

#### CREDITS

[illegible]

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**CHUCK SULLIVAN**  
Executive Vice President

Sullivan, 48, an auto-parts executive, boated a 1,319-pound Pacific blue marlin on 30-pound-test line after a 57-minute battle. The fish, which was caught half a mile south of Kona, Hawaii, may be the 49th largest ever caught on rod and reel.



Journal of Management Inquiry 23(1)

Jean, 17, a high school All-America striker at Indian Hills High, led the Braves to a 2-0 win over Hamilton East Senior High in the girls' state title soccer game. She scored 47 goals and had 27 assists during Indian Hills' 23-game season.



**ALERT NOTE**  
Always use SI units.

Motr, 39, a housewife, grandmother and reigning U.S. women's 160-to-180-pound arm-wrestling champ, won her division in the World Arm-Wrestling Federation Championships in Calcutta. A six-year veteran, she has won 16 state titles.



ROLAND GROVE  
13450 Hwy

Roland, a 12-year-old, 5' 5", 126-pound halfback at Demos Junior High, led the Demos to a 10-0 season by running for 1,518 yards on 104 carries. He rushed for 22 touchdowns and threw for five more on halfback offense only.



**GUÐMUND OLSEN**  
 (1909-1984) Norway

Gibbs, 20, a pentathlete at Maryland's Mt. St. Mary's, set a collegiate record of 3,845 points. He ran the 60-yard hurdles in 7.9 and the 1,000 meters in 2:48.6, long-jumped 22' 1½", put the shot 47' 1½" and high-jumped 6' 6".

STORNI-ANN GUNTSCHE  
München, 1968

Storme-Ann, 13, ran in 131 road races in 1980, placing first among the women in 36 and first in her age group in another 68. She set six 12-year-old single-age records, including those for the half-marathon (1:27:25) and 10 miles (1:04:35).

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

### ONE FOR ACADEME

Sir:

I was amazed to learn that after 25 years the controversy involving the famous cuts in the movie *Knute Rockne—All American* may be resolved and the missing scenes restored (SCORECARD, Jan. 12). The election of President Ronald Reagan has naturally created an instant market for his films, and we are fortunate that this one, in which he portrayed George Gipp, is among the most popular.

However, a recent viewing of this movie convinced me that the omitted "win just one for the Gipper" scenes become incidental when compared to the film's actual purpose. It is more than a biography of Rockne, a testimonial to Gipp or a documentary of Notre Dame football. The ideals of leadership and competitiveness are presented with such emotional honesty that it becomes a definition of the principles on which collegiate sports should be founded.

At a time when many of our colleges and universities are being criticized for sacrificing athletes' academic programs in favor of winning, perhaps we won't miss "win just one for the Gipper" as much if we remember that in the same film Rockne also tells his players, "You didn't come to Notre Dame only to play football."

LARRY L. TAYLOR  
Hattiesburg, Miss.

### CZECH TENNIS

Sir:

That was a super piece on Czech tennis by Sarah Pileggi ("Fanatics and Fools," Jan. 12). Because I knew Karel Kozeluh well and traveled with him and Bill Tilden on their nationwide professional tour in the early '30s, I'd like to add a little about him. Kozeluh relinquished his superstar status in hockey and soccer to become one of the world's great tennis players. Lumber and nimble as he was, he reached for every shot, missing nothing, and he returned everything with speed. The faster the ball came to him, the faster it went back off his tightly strung racket.

Kozeluh, bless him, was fatally injured in 1950 at the age of 54. He crashed in his sports car while driving from Prague to his villa in Klanovice—a distance of 15 miles—for a game of golf.

FRED LEPELL  
Houston

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's masterpiece of sports re-  
continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

porting brought back memories of my youth in Trest, a mountain village in Moravia (pop. 5,000), where the two tennis courts were the place to be seen and so belong to as a kid. That was in the mid-1930s. When my son and I visited there in 1976, 40 years later, the tennis courts were still the place to be.

Probably as important as the achievement of the top players is the fact that tennis is helping to put a little bit of a human face on an otherwise harshly repressive political regime.

FRANK MEISSNER  
Bethesda, Md.

### THE JENKINS CASE (CONT.) Sir:

In SCORECARD (Jan. 5) you note that Trest Ranger Pitcher Ferguson Jenkins was convicted of possession of cocaine but was let off with no penalty whatsoever because he "has conducted himself in exemplary fashion." Be that as it may, logic which states that if he has been good so far, we can let this one crime go seems ludicrous when carried to such an extreme.

DAVE LONG  
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

I take exception to your evaluation of the potential disciplinary proceedings by professional baseball for Ferguson Jenkins' crime. While the criminal justice system of Canada has fairly dealt with Jenkins pursuant to the requirements of due process, it is not inherently unfair, nor is it a case of double jeopardy for Jenkins to be punished for his action by the institution of professional baseball through which he earns his living. Your magazine improperly assumed a similar position in the Don Murdoch case when the then New York Ranger was arrested on similar charges.

A professional athlete holds a special position of importance and prestige in today's society, as demonstrated by the hero worship and extraordinary compensation afforded him. Is there not a commensurate responsibility on the part of that athlete to the hierarchy of the sport, his fellow players and, most important, to society as a whole? Can we not expect a higher degree of social responsibility from our professional athletes than we do from ordinary citizens?

The critical issue is not whether Jenkins' drug possession affected a particular baseball game, but rather the issue is the obvious ramifications of his activity and the value accorded it by our society, especially by our impressionable youth.

NICHOLAS P. AMIGONE III  
Attorney-at-Law  
Buffalo

Sir:

As a father, sports fan and youth baseball coach, I was disappointed to read your views on the Ferguson Jenkins case. Young people of today look to sports heroes as examples, and I don't think Jenkins' example should be

condoned. If he is not punished for his wrongdoing, what am I to tell my players and son when they are caught smoking, drinking or even using drugs?

Please cancel my subscription and refund any money I may have coming. I will use it in my youth league program to combat such views.

RUSSELL POOLE  
Simpsonville, S.C.

Sir:

Whether Jenkins is a veteran with 259 wins or just a rookie, what he did was wrong, not to mention illegal. SI's contention that if Jenkins' drug use didn't affect the outcome of a game, no harm was done to baseball, is simplistic at best.

By no means do I think that Jenkins has any kind of moral obligation to the kids of this country or Canada to be somebody to look up to. My complaint is that if part of the increased money I have to pay to get into the ball park goes to supporting a player's drug habits, I, for one, feel ripped off.

JOHN THOMPSON  
Lewistown, Pa.

### ERNIE D

Sir:

I had mixed emotions after reading Rick Telander's article on Ernie D'Gregorio (A Real Nowhere Man, Jan. 12). It was heartwarming to read that Ernie D is still polishing his skills for another chance at stardom in the NBA. But I was chafed to learn that nobody is willing to offer him a no-cut contract. With sagging attendance and mechanical play, the NBA could use a player of his caliber and exciting style. Every so often a player comes along who makes attending an NBA game a worthwhile experience. Walt Frazier, Dave Cowens and Larry Bird belong in this class, and I hope Ernie D will soon be added to the list.

Just one question: What is Kevin Stacom doing these days?

HAL TREMPER  
Brick Township, N.J.

• Stacom is in Newport, R.I., tending the Dockside Saloon, which he owns with two partners.—ED.

Sir:

I'm sorry to say that I have no sympathy for Ernie D'Gregorio. If he loves the game as much as he says, then why is a no-cut, big-money contract so important? Many times the fan hears how a pro loves his game so much he would play for nothing. This obviously doesn't apply to Ernie D, who is absolutely right when he says he's a simple kid and maybe immature.

GEORGE WILKINS  
Palatine, Ill.

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